

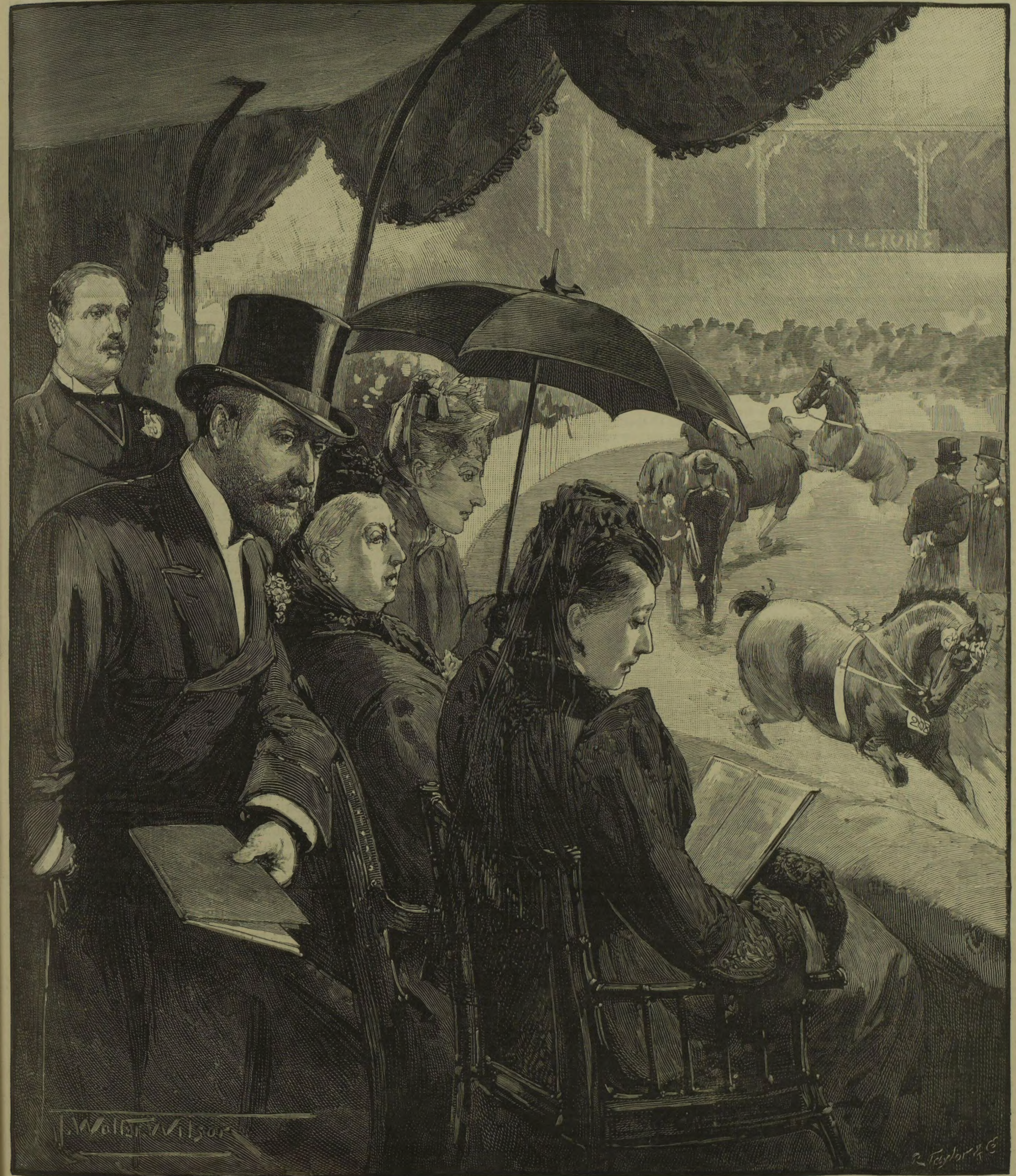
# THE ILLUSTRATED LONDON NEWS

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THE QUEEN AT THE HORSE SHOW IN THE ROYAL AGRICULTURAL HALL, ISLINGTON.



## OUR NOTE BOOK.

BY JAMES PAYN.

If the secret history of the Copyright Bill, passed in Congress on the very last night of its session, should ever come to be written, it will probably be one of the most interesting of State papers. Accepted in the Senate, and rejected in the Congress; then carried in the latter, and only saved from hostile amendments in the former by a dead lift, it lay upon the Speaker's table, as the House drew to its end, as though upon its own deathbed. Taken into Committee at last, it was fought over, tooth and nail, night and day, and at the eleventh hour received the President's sanction. The assurance given by Fenimore Cooper to Walter Scott in Paris, sixty years ago, has been justified by the event, and "our Congress" has, at last, passed a measure about the justice of which "our people" have never had a shadow of doubt. If it does not "bring two nations nearer together," it will, at all events, do away with a sore subject, which no honest American could hear touched upon without pain and shame, and which bred in this country a feeling of hostility to our American cousins among the very class which, but for it, would have been the most kindly disposed towards them.

Hand in hand with Civilisation march its vices. No sooner have competitive examinations been introduced in India than there appears the Impersonator. As all Hindoos are, to the European eye, exactly alike, the offender has better chances than the clever young man at home, who so obligingly passes and repasses the Army examinations for other people in cases where even the crammer can do nothing for them. It is a remunerative profession while it lasts, but, like that of the Golf Caddie and the Professional Beauty, is but short-lived. After five-and-twenty it is difficult—for a man—to look like eighteen; and, unhappily, it leads to nothing. You may pass fifty Government examinations for your employers with the greatest credit, and yet never become a Government examiner yourself. This is a lesson which the intelligent young Hindoo has yet to learn. His tether, however, will be a little longer than with us, on account of his complexion, which, never having possessed the hue of youth, cannot lose it. And there is no necessity for him to "keep dark"; for nature performs that office for him.

A discussion is going on in the *Forum* as to whether we would like to live our lives over again—as if it were a matter of theory! I know lots of people who are doing it. Their whole existence is an endless repetition; and we must conclude they like it, since they continue the practice. To men of business it is certainly pleasurable, or at all events preferable to any novel course, or why, after having "made their pile," should they pass their days—with no other object than to make it a little higher—in a city office? With men of pleasure, when they grow old, the system is more difficult to carry out, but it is certain that they would if they could, for they try their best. As to the question whether one would like to be a child again and out one's teeth and have the measles, or to be a boy and learn Greek, I cannot conceive any person of intelligence entertaining such aspirations. The "myrtle and ivy of sweet two-and-twenty" are indeed very attractive, but a man cannot be always two-and-twenty (nor even a woman beyond ten years or so), and, even if he could, it would be necessary on coming of age that he should come into something else in the way of a little property, which does not always happen. Beranger, it is true, describes himself as happy as a lark at that age, though he lived in an attic; but we are not all poets, nor even philosophers. Poets themselves do not always "begin in gladness," or, at all events, their bliss is transient. Byron tells us that he had but two happy days in all his life, and Goethe could only count up eight of them (including Sundays). These calculations, let us hope, are below the average; but a man must have been exceptionally fortunate indeed, or be very easily satisfied, who would have all his experiences of existence duplicated. It is not, of course, surprising that when some people come to the end of their tether they should cry, "Oh, if I could live my life again!" but what they mean is that they would live it quite differently (which, it is ten to one, if they had the chance they would not). They are not enamoured of this world, but alarmed at that which is to come, and remind one of the gentleman on board ship, in Rabelais, who exclaimed, "Oh that I were safe on dry land, with somebody kicking me behind!"—not that he liked being kicked, but was in fear of being drowned.

The article called "The Eclipse of Justice" in the *Contemporary Review*, dealing with the sometimes cruel and sometimes inadequate sentences passed by our judges, and the manner in which property is protected at the expense of the person, is very sad reading, and the sadder because there is a total eclipse of faith in the matter being remedied. There is a general notion that when a lawyer exchanges the wig and gown of an advocate for that of a judge, his mind becomes as judicious as his functions, which is unhappily not the case. All the change in him is that what was dormant is called into action; his natural moroseness becomes cruelty, or his good nature mischievous folly. Nor is this the worst of it, for, if a criminal judge were always erring on one side, the attention of the Press, or, possibly, even of the Home Secretary, would be drawn to him; whereas the same Rhadamanthus will (and does) send one day a woman to five years' penal servitude for stealing a shovelful of coals, and the next some terror of his neighbourhood, for beating his wife within an inch of her life, to six weeks' imprisonment; sometimes fierce and sometimes mild, yet he never fails to display his incapacity for his position. The indictment in question is only too long, and comprises such examples as the following: For torturing a little boy, and tying him to a bedstead, where he is found in such a condition that, according to the medical evidence, he

would have died had he not been rescued in the nick of time, a miscreant is bound over for six months to be of good behaviour; while for stealing a piece of canvas a man gets ten years' penal servitude. No cases of excessive punishment for offences against the person are cited: here there is always leniency where there is not immunity. Since the article in question was published a worse example of the miscarriage of justice than any therein mentioned has occurred. A woman, convicted of the most brutal and continuous cruelty to a girl in her employment, terminating in death, has been sentenced to six months' imprisonment. It is true that the medical evidence failed to bring home a charge of manslaughter, but the acts committed upon this helpless girl have not been equalled for atrocity since Mother Browrigge's case. Even as she lay shivering on her death-bed this fiend in female form threw up the window to let the fog come in upon her. Such pages plucked from the book of life are sickening, but not more deplorable than the reflection that in such a case Justice should have borne her sword in vain. What accentuates the folly of this last judicial proceeding was that the judge addressed the criminal in "words of fitting rebuke." He might as well have read "Watts's Hymns" to a wild cat.

Of the whitewashing of historical scoundrels there is no end. The last operation of this kind is a panegyric from a Roman professor (who, living in his Imperial Majesty's neighbourhood, surely ought to know) upon Nero. It seems he was a great sanitary reformer, and set light to the city from the same motives that actuated the late Sir Edwin Chadwick and animate good Dr. Richardson. The conflagration was a "cleansing fire." It seems a little like the Chinese receipt for obtaining roast pig; but it is no matter what sacrifice we make for the benefit of our fellow-creatures, provided it is not at our own expense. His beneficent designs "met with opposition from the owners of property, so he was obliged to have recourse to stratagem." Still, what the professor has failed to grapple with is the fact that, while the fire was burning, the Emperor played "Home, Sweet Home" upon the fiddle, which, to say the least of it, was satirical, and in bad taste.

Though everything comes to those who wait, it is only to those who wait long enough. Men have been known to die before the good fortune they have been so long expecting comes to pass. It is only the young to whom the proverb has any real application. These may be congratulated for certain on one thing—on seeing, sooner or later, an improvement in four-wheeled cabs. Not, of course, that these wretched vehicles—full of draughts, yet full of smells; rattling as though they were going fourteen miles an hour, though they do not compass four; with shambling old horses and imbecile old drivers—will not exist as long as they can; but nine tenths of them (in all of which I have shivered and shook) are on the very verge of dissolution. They are on their last wheels, and even a jerry builder will not build them like that again to start with. In the meantime, to "fares" who do not wish to find themselves in ruins in the public street (like the deacon in his one-horse shay) let me give a word of counsel: Never take a four-wheeler which has no lamps. It is possible, of course, that even with lamps it may be a sorry vehicle, but without them it is sure to be a "trap" only fit for a pole-cat, and in which, to judge by its aroma, a pole-cat has already been caught. The worst specimens dare not carry a lamp, because it shows them for what they are. Moreover, there are now some four-wheeled cabs, which have no resemblance to "growlers," well fitted, well furnished, with inside handles, and even with cover-steps and speaking-trumpets. Our hansoms have all the latest improvements; the young (confound them!), who do not want comforts, have everything they can wish for in the way of locomotion, and when they come to be old will swear "far fewer oaths, far softer oaths"; they will have decent four-wheelers. But, in the meantime, let me once more adjure everyone who has the good of his fellow-creatures at heart never to take one without lamps.

An appendix should be added to our handbook of cab fares, containing repartees to be made to cabmen. At present, fares are at a great disadvantage with their drivers in this respect. The latter have a store of well-worn sarcasms with which to reproach those audacious persons who venture to give them only sixpence beyond their proper fares. "Calls yourself a gentleman, do you?" "Why don't yer take a bus, as usual?" "I believe you women expects to go to heaven for a shilling!" "What is this [the coin] for?" "I suppose you're a-savin' up your money for your funeral—you looks like it!" and so on. The country clergyman and gentle spinster, convinced of their own probity and even liberality by a perusal of the little (authorised) volume on their way, are amazed and flurried by this flood of sarcasm. They wait with their backs to it, but exposed to its full fury, while the front door is being answered, dumb as sheep before the shearer. They have the "wit of the stairs," perhaps (*l'esprit d'escalier*), but not of the door-steps. This the appendix should supply. One very good rejoinder—which I have found most efficacious—in the case of a driver who has brought you out of your way, and (as he always does) set you down at the wrong number, is the following—it should be delivered in slow and didactic tones, to give time to the servant to open the door for a rapid entrance, which will be advisable: "My good man, let me give you a friendly piece of advice. Providence has evidently intended you for a fool. Do not fly in its face, and try to be a knave."

The daughter of Pharaoh who found Moses in the bulrushes, and who has been likened by the frivolous to a milkman, because she "took a great prophet out of the water," bids fair to be profitable to other people. If it be really true that she is among the mummies found in that "subterranean chamber near Thebes," she will throw the

discovery of the new Aristotle altogether into the shade. If they can secure her for the Aquarium (which seems most appropriate), she will draw better in her manifold linen garments than the most scantily apparelled female athlete. Like a magazine for the serious, which has novels in it, that institution will then attract both the pious and the profane. The imagination of the author of the "Rejected Addresses" never rose to such a flight as this when he took a mummy for his subject—

Perchance that very hand now pinioned flat  
Has hobnobbed with Pharaoh, glass to glass,  
Or dropped a halfpenny in Homer's hat,  
Or doffed thine own to let Queen Dido pass;  
Or held, by Solomon's own invitation,  
A torch at the great temple's dedication.

It might have done all that, and yet found nothing half so unusual as Moses. It is generally supposed that mummies are a new article of barter, but this is an error. So far back an author as Sir Thomas Browne writes: "The Egyptian mummies which Cambyse and Time have spared, avarice now consumeth: mummery is become merchandise; Mizraim cures wounds; and Pharaoh is sold for balsam."

The *Athenæum* was so good as to say last week that "I had joined the staff of *Punch*." I am quite sensible of the compliment, but it is undeserved. Mr. *Punch's* staff is much too stout and strong to need my joining.

## HOME NEWS.

On the evening of March 7 the Queen witnessed the performance by the Savoy Theatre Company of Sir Arthur Sullivan's "Gondoliers." The opera was given in the Waterloo Chamber, and her Majesty was accompanied by their Royal Highnesses the Duke and Duchess of Edinburgh, Prince and Princess Christian of Schleswig-Holstein, Princesses Victoria and Louise of Schleswig-Holstein, Princess Louise (Marchioness of Lorne), the Duke and Duchess of Connaught, Princess Margaret of Connaught, Prince and Princess Henry of Battenberg, and Princess Margaret of Prussia. The Empress Frederick was not present.

Their Royal Highnesses the Prince and Princess of Wales gave a dinner-party at Marlborough House on March 10, in celebration of the twenty-eighth anniversary of their wedding-day, when her Imperial Majesty the Empress Frederick and a number of other members of the royal family were present.

The Prince and Princess of Wales will, it is stated, give their annual garden-party at Marlborough House during the visit of the Emperor of Germany, probably on Saturday, July 4, and his Majesty and the Queen will both be present at this function.

According to present arrangements, the Empress Frederick of Germany will not accompany her Majesty and Prince and Princess Henry of Battenberg to the Riviera on March 23, but will conclude her visit to the Queen and leave Windsor Castle about the 18th, proceeding to Germany.

The Duchess of Edinburgh, accompanied by Princess Beatrice of Edinburgh and suite, left Charing Cross by the club train on March 10 for Coburg, via Calais, Cologne, and Mayence.

The Right Hon. G. J. Goschen and Mrs. Goschen and the Very Rev. the Dean of Windsor had the honour of dining with their Majesties the Queen and the Empress Frederick and the royal family on March 8.

The Queen has been pleased to approve the appointment of the Earl of Coventry to be Lord Lieutenant and Custos Rotulorum of the county of Worcester, in the room of the late Earl Beauchamp.

The anti-Parnell movement is making some head in Ireland at last. A new "Irish National Federation" has been formed in opposition to the National League, which is officered by Mr. Timothy Harrington, an ally of Mr. Parnell's, and was given a send-off, on March 12, at a great meeting in the Ancient Concert Rooms in Dublin. Mr. McCarthy presided. The meeting was "blessed" by four Archbishops and by most of the clergy, and was of a very enthusiastic character. Its chief feature was an energetic speech by Mr. Davitt, denouncing Mr. Parnell's appeal to the hillside men. The daily organ of anti-Parnellism, designed as a rival to the *Freeman's Journal*, appeared on March 7. Undaunted by these demonstrations, Mr. Parnell pursues his crusade, and has just dispatched a deputation, consisting of extremist members of his party, to America, to press his claims and collect money.

On Monday, March 9, and with diminishing force on the following night, England was swept by a blizzard which in some faint way recalled the tremendous visitation of which New York was the victim, as well as the terrible snow-storms on Boxing Day 1886. The blizzard, however, was a reduced version of both these calamities, but lives were lost, telegraph communication was broken up, and trains, and even cottages, were blocked in snow-drifts. The storm raged with special fury in the Channel, and there has been loss of life all round the coasts. The Victoria was just able to come from Dover to Calais on Monday night, arriving at Calais between nine and ten in the morning, and the Calais-Douvres had a fearful passage from the French coast. The Duchess of Edinburgh, however, who was to have been a passenger, decided to leave the boat on the Admiralty Pier, and pass the night at the Lord Warden Hotel. The captain and crew gave an extraordinary description of their adventures. The vessel arrived off Calais late on Monday evening, and lay to all night off Cape Grisnez, her cables shackled together. In London the storm blew with singular fury, the snow being broken by the wind into fine dust, and whirled round in eddies. The drifts along the railway lines rose as high as fourteen feet.

The rather eccentric driving match proposed between Lord Lonsdale and Lord Shrewsbury, after having been first stopped by the police, has now been finally abandoned. Lord Lonsdale objected to the postponement of the match by Mr. Coventry, the referee, and told Lord Shrewsbury that he had not received proper treatment. Lord Shrewsbury then retired, and paid forfeit.

A romantic scene has just been enacted near Blackburn, in Lancashire. A Mr. Jackson, who had contracted a private marriage with a lady, and who left the same day for Australia, returned, and claimed his rights as a husband. His wife refused to live with him, and he then, in company with three friends, carried her off, as she was leaving church at Clitheroe, and conveyed her, in a carriage at full speed, to a house in the suburbs of Blackburn. Here he had to stand a siege from the lady's relatives, which would have been an assault had it not been for the presence of a strong contingent of police. At length it was agreed to settle the matter in the law courts, and the besieging forces drew off.



## OUR ILLUSTRATIONS.

## "THE GONDOLIERS" AT WINDSOR CASTLE.

BY ONE OF THE COMPANY.

It is a glorious thing, I ween,  
To be a regular Royal Queen!

So some of us sang, and so all of us thought, on March 6—a day to be marked with a white stone in the memory of every Savoyard who journeyed into Berkshire to assist in amusing our Gracious Queen. Surely never before has the Throne Room received such a galaxy of bright-faced, merry girls as this laughing crowd of Italian *contadine*, headed by the vivacious Tessa, and never surely have the banners of the Knights of Windsor in St. George's Hall waved over two spurious Kings and such a motley crew of gondoliers. So realistic is their appearance that they seem to be waiting to take the royal lady for a water-party on the dear old Thames!

From first to last everything goes without a hitch: we are all aboard the "special" in good time (except the Grand Inquisitor, who, being rather haughty, prefers to travel by another route), and a glorious sunny day welcomes us to the royal borough, where many of the inhabitants have turned out to have a look at the actors in plain clothes, thereby destroying, it is to be feared, a preconceived ideal!

After some slight delay, while the stage is being finished—which just gives us time to inspect and admire the tapestries and the cases of caskets and presents—we indulge in a short rehearsal. This is necessary in order to ascertain how to pitch the voice so as to sing loudly enough to drown the orchestra, which is admirably handled by Mr. Cellier, assisted by Mr. D'Oily Carte, who samples the effect from various corners of the auditorium. We are then off to a light tea before dressing for the important event.

At nine o'clock the National Anthem tells us that the Queen has arrived, and sets us all quaking with nervousness. This is quickly shaken off as the performance proceeds and we note the interest displayed by her Majesty, the applause she so liberally gives us, and the evident pleasure with which she listens to some of Sir Arthur Sullivan's brightest and lightest numbers—the climax being reached when her Majesty is seen beating time as we all dance the cachucha.

The curtain descends on the second act, and the opera is finished, the company on the stage having enjoyed the performance quite as much as the company in front, although to the Savoyards it presented the novelty of being the first representation of the opera which has been given without a single encore being demanded. The stage-manager, Mr. Seymour, fairly beams with satisfaction; and Mr. Shelton and his army of carpenters and stage-hands feel that their efforts of the past few days have been crowned with the success they deserved, and that they may now enjoy the *otium cum dignitate* of the excellent supper provided for them.

We all hear with great pleasure that Mr. D'Oily Carte has had the honour of being presented to her Majesty, who has expressed her pleasure at the performance, and her appreciation of the way in which all have worked for her amusement; and then, after a hasty toilet, we make our way to the Vandyke Room, where the kind thoughtfulness of our royal hostess has provided an excellent supper. Here we are joined later on by some of the equestrians and castle officials, who have been untiring in their efforts to render our visit as pleasant as possible.

They arrive in time to hear Mr. Carte, in a few well-chosen words, express the thanks of all present to her Majesty for her gracious hospitality, and to join us in drinking the toast of "The Queen." After this an aspiring baritone leaps on a chair and leads a verse of the National Anthem, in so high a key as to be almost too much for the admirable tenors of the company, who, however, literally *rise* to the occasion, and the Vandyke Room echoes to such a chorus as has probably never before been heard there.

We are rather inclined to feel proud of ourselves at the Savoy matinee the next day, and we really feel that the large audience which greets us is fully cognisant of the added dignity with which we comport ourselves—a dignity which is intensified by a telegram received during the afternoon from Windsor Castle, in which her Majesty expresses a gracious wish to be informed whether the company arrived home safely the night before; this being a pleasant reminder that "out of sight" is not "out of mind" with our Sovereign, and so giving us an additionally pleasurable remembrance of our visit to Windsor Castle.

## THE QUEEN AT THE HORSE SHOW.

Her Majesty Queen Victoria, with the Empress Frederick of Germany, Prince and Princess Henry of Battenberg, the Duchess of Connaught, and Princess Margaret of Prussia, on Thursday, March 5, visited the Horse Show at the Royal Agricultural Hall, driving from Buckingham Palace to Islington, where they met the Prince and Princess of Wales, with Princesses Victoria and Maud of Wales, about half past eleven in the forenoon. The Prince of Wales and the Duke of Portland, Master of the Horse, conducted their Majesties to the royal seats, from which they viewed the parade of the various classes of horses. The Queen then presented the championship prizes to the winners—namely, the Earl of Londesborough, for his four-year-old mare Ophelia, the best mare in all the classes; and Mr. R. Tennant, for his two-year-old horse Grand Fashion, the best stallion in the show. Among those around her Majesty on this occasion were such high authorities upon the subject as the Prince of Wales, President of the Hackney Horse Society; the Earl of Ravensworth, President of the Royal Agricultural Society of England; Lord Tredegar, President of the Hunters' Improvement Society; and Mr. Walter Gilbey, Chairman of the Royal Agricultural Hall Company. To these names should be added the Duke of Portland, as President of the Royal Commission on Horse-Breeding, and the Duke of Richmond and Gordon, President of the Horse Committee of the Royal Agricultural Society.

## THE CHILIAN CIVIL WAR.

From two correspondents at Valparaiso, one an English commercial resident in that city, the other an officer on board H.M.S. *Champion* lying in the port, we have received sketches of the desultory and inconsiderable acts of warfare, day after day, from Jan. 9 to Jan. 26, between the Chilean naval squadron, which is the main or only fighting force of the Congress, and the forts and batteries on shore, garrisoned by soldiers of the army which obeys President Balmaceda. The fleet, under command of Admiral Jorge Montt, consisted of those ships already enumerated and described, including the powerful ironclad *Blanco Encalada*, the *Almirante Cochrane*, the cruiser *Esmeralda*, the war-sloop *O'Higgins*, and the *Magellanes*; but three of them—namely, the *Almirante Cochrane*, the *Esmeralda*, and the *Magellanes*—were sent away, on Jan. 8, to attack the northern ports along the coast. Actual hostilities began with the soldiers ashore firing on the boats of the ships going to and fro in order to get stores and provisions;

the *Blanco Encalada* returned the fire, and the *O'Higgins* ran in near the shore, to ply her machine-guns on a reinforcement of soldiery brought down in cable to the seawall at the Custom House stores, on the west side of the harbour. H.M.S. *Champion*, being in the way of the fire, very properly removed to more convenient moorings. On this first day, Jan. 9, the Chilean fleet suffered no losses; but seven men were killed ashore, and others wounded. The *O'Higgins* departed on Jan. 11, and not much happened till the 16th, when, early in the morning, the big guns of Forts Valdivia, Andes, and Bueros opened fire on the *Blanco Encalada*. She hastily slipped her anchor, and moved to a less exposed position, having been hit rather severely. A shot had struck her armour-belt of the star-board battery, forcing out a bolt of the armour, and sticking in it; while a shell, passing through the stern, had traversed the ward-room, exploded in the battery, killed three sailors, and grievously wounded six others. The *Blanco Encalada*, however, went to sea in the evening of the same day, and afterwards left Valparaiso for the north. The *O'Higgins* remained cruising outside, and a blockade was notified on Jan. 18, but there was not a sufficient force then to blockade the port.

## ENGLAND AND SCOTLAND AT FOOTBALL.

The "Athletic Ground," at Richmond, on Saturday, March 7, was the scene of a grand football-match between the rival teams of England and Scotland, who have already played against each other on many occasions. The English players this day were Messrs. F. R. H. Alderson (captain), R. D. Budworth, E. H. G. North, E. Bonham-Carter, J. H. Rogers, S. M. J. Woods, R. P. Wilson, T. Kent, D. Jowett, J. Richards, W. R. M. Leake, J. Berry, P. Christopherson, R. E. Lockwood, and W. G. Mitchell. Those for Scotland were Messrs. McEwan (of Edinburgh), McMillan, and McIntyre, Boswell, Gibson, Goodhue, J. E. Orr, Leggatt, G. T. Neilson, D. J. Anderson, C. E. Orr, P. R. Clauss, W. Neilson, G. McGregor, and H. J. Stevenson. Mr. H. F. Chambers (Ireland) was the referee. The Scotsmen played a very good forward game, and had also good backs, in which latter respect the English side was not well served. Hence it came to pass that Scotland beat England by three goals to one; but it was a fine match, altogether, and was an interesting sight to nearly eighteen thousand spectators.

## THE LATE CAPTAIN H. L. BARROW.

The battle near Tokar, in the Eastern Soudan, on Feb. 19, when



THE LATE CAPTAIN H. L. BARROW.

a brigade of native troops of the Egyptian army, commanded by Colonel Holled Smith, defeated a large force of the "Dervishes," or Mahdist Arabs, following the standard of Osman Digna, has been sufficiently described. It unfortunately cost the life of a good English officer, Captain Hugh Lousada Barrow, of the South Lancashire Regiment, who was acting as Brigade Major on the staff of Colonel Holled Smith. He was the third son of Major-General Barrow (retired), of the Madras Staff Corps, residing at Courtfield, Charlton Kings, near Cheltenham; and was first cousin to the late Colonel Percy Barrow, of the 19th Hussars, who lost his life by wounds received in action in Egypt or the Soudan. The late Captain Barrow received his first commission in the Army in January 1883, and in December 1889 was promoted to the rank of Captain, having seen much service in those campaigns.

## THE LATE SIR W. KIRBY GREEN, K.C.M.G.

The British Envoy Extraordinary and Minister Plenipotentiary to the Empire of Morocco, Sir W. Kirby Green, died on Feb. 25, at the city of Morocco, having gone there from Tangiers, his usual residence, to visit the Sultan Muley Hassan on special business. He was one of the most useful members of the Consular and Diplomatic services. A son of Sir John Green, who was many years Consul-General at Bucharest, he was born at Nauplia, in Greece, in 1836, and entered the Consular service, becoming, in 1856, private secretary to the Consul-General for Egypt, and in 1859 secretary to Sir John Drummond Hay in Morocco. He was Vice-Consul at Tetuan, Acting-Consul at Tangiers, and engaged in various special missions during the next ten years. In 1869 he was transferred to Tunis as Acting Agent and Consul-General; and thence was removed to Damascus in 1871 and to Beyrout in 1873. In 1876 he was promoted to be Consul at Scutari; and in 1879 became Consul-General for Montenegro and the vilayet of Scutari. During three eventful years, when the Eastern question was in its active stage, Consul Green was much consulted by the Government, and he was specially summoned by Lord Beaconsfield to the Berlin Conference. In 1881 he was made a C.M.G., a slight recognition of considerable services, and in 1886 was appointed to succeed Sir John Drummond Hay as Envoy to Morocco and Consul-General at Tangiers. In 1887, on the occasion of the Jubilee, he was promoted to be a K.C.M.G. In his knowledge of Oriental languages he was only second to Sir Richard Burton, and he acquired great influence with the Sultan of Morocco. Among several important concessions he obtained was that of the Sultan's consent to the establishment of telegraphic communication between Tangiers and Gibraltar. It was Sir William, also, who persuaded Muley Hassan to visit Tangiers in 1889.

The Portrait is from a photograph by Messrs. Elliott and Fry.

OTHER ILLUSTRATIONS REFERRED TO IN SUBSEQUENT PAGES OF THIS ISSUE: "Lady Bountiful" at the Garrick Theatre (see "The Playhouses"). Dr. Stanley's Exposition of Hypnotism at the Hôtel Métropole, "My Danish Sweetheart," English Homes (Willey Park), Siberian Prison Scenes, The Anglo-French Telephone Cable.

A novelty, or rather quasi-novelty, from the pen of Brahms again occupied foremost place in the programme of the Popular Concert on Monday, March 9. The pianoforte trio in B major, Op. 8, had been heard before in this country, but never at the "Pops," and never in the revised shape in which it was now presented by Dr. Joachim, Miss Agnes Zimmermann, and Signor Piatti. This is the second time that Brahms has altered his B major trio: it was among the works he remodelled by the advice of Schumann, and evidently he was not satisfied to leave it to posterity in anything like its original form.

## THE HOUSE OF COMMONS.

BY THE MACE.

There are some members of Parliament who always impress one with their exceeding simplicity. They have the air of having been born yesterday. There is Mr. Howard Vincent, for instance, who handles economic problems with the ease and satisfaction of a schoolboy spinning a peg-top. I always wonder at Mr. Howard Vincent, because he was trained at Scotland Yard, which is scarcely the place for the survival of youthful impressions. You would think that a man who had conducted criminal investigation with the very limited success which attends the operations of that department of the public service would be cautious, wary, and suspicious of anything in the nature of a false scent. On the contrary, Mr. Howard Vincent is exuberant, impetuous, and as breathless as a youngster in a paper-chase. He looks like Don Quixote, as that hero may have appeared in early life, before his youthful fancies had been exhausted by midnight vigils over impossible romances. I mournfully foresee a time when a lean, lank politician, with a hollow jaw and a prominent nose, and a voice full of echoes of a forlorn past, will harangue the House on the follies of Free Trade, and point a skinny finger at me as if I had ruined British industry for the benefit of the insatiable foreigner. But Mr. Howard Vincent is not troubled by gloomy forecasts of his own future. He is entirely preoccupied by the sad state of the working classes. He would like to provide them with higher wages, and teach them habits of thrift. I never admire the House of Commons so much as when it is engaged in giving wise counsel to the toiling poor. Substantial country gentlemen rise in turn, and point the moral of careful husbandry. The poor ought to be provident; the State ought to help them somehow to be provident. There is a demon of extravagance that devours their earnings; but Mr. Howard Vincent, late of Scotland Yard, is on the trail of that demon, and will presently run him down and give him into custody. The paper-chase really grows quite exciting, till all of a sudden the field gets scattered, the runners begin to lag, and the House is abruptly counted out. This is the drawback to criminal investigation as it is conducted in Parliament.

But youth, undaunted youth, is always precious, even when it is encased in a somewhat misleading envelope. Mr. Cobb is no longer young, in point of exterior. He is a lawyer, and lawyers take on the aspect of parchment quite early. Some people, judging at first sight, might even think that Mr. Cobb was well stricken in years. Parliamentary lawyers, as a rule, seem quite preternaturally aged. They are furrowed with cases, ploughed with precedents. The Attorney-General's colossal brow, which always reminds me of that brow of which it was said that nothing could grow at such an altitude, suggests to you the forty generations which looked down from the Pyramids on Napoleon's army. Sir Richard Webster endeavours to minimise this antiquity by wearing a juvenile coat. Mr. Lockwood, on the other hand, is the incarnation of smiling infancy, and his white hair appears to be perpetually wondering how it sprang from such an immature surface. But Mr. Cobb's innate youthfulness breaks through his exterior like spring water from an immemorial rock. He is great at questions which go to the root of things, and it is a sure sign of the Parliamentary infant when he is possessed by this particular spirit of inquiry. Mr. Labouchere is inquisitive enough, but then he always inquires on the assumption that there is nothing worth discovering, as if he were fishing in the Dead Sea. Mr. Cobb is animated by a different zeal. He may find nothing but a skeleton underneath a coroner's inquest, or in a distinguished judge's family cupboard. But how much more wholesome the cupboard will be when the skeleton stands confessed, and her Majesty's Ministers acknowledge themselves the custodians of the cupboard, and undertake that it shall have no more bony and repulsive tenants! Here you see the youthful ardour of Mr. Cobb, which is not at all checked by the suggestion that an examination of judicial cupboards cannot be undertaken except in accordance with the ancient formula of an address to the Crown.

Yet, on the Treasury Bench itself, immortal youth is not wholly disguised by the panoply of age and experience. Look at Mr. Goschen. He is, externally, like the raven in "Barnaby Rudge." That remarkable bird, I have been told, used to maintain his identity with a personage who is not commonly mentioned in polite circles. Mr. Goschen stops short of this assertion of extreme antiquity, but nobody would be surprised to see him sitting on a bust of Mr. Gladstone and hear him croaking "Never more!" in a voice from the uttermost recesses of eternal time. Yet he too is young. He joins in the everlasting paper-chase, and strews the course with one-pound notes. He occasionally doubles on his track, and finds the way littered with fragments of old speeches. It is then that the juvenile elasticity of the Chancellor of the Exchequer is most agreeably manifest. Did he say years ago that a certain financial policy was wrong, and is he pursuing that policy now? Certainly; but the House and the country will forgive him when they contemplate the substantial benefits he has helped to secure. How the Ministerial cheers ring out at this vindication of inconsistency! And when the small boy who condemned plum-jam because it was eaten by his comrades is caught in the act of devouring a whole pot of it, and says: "Yes, I used to think plum-jam was ruinous to the digestion and to morals, but now I see that a large consumption of this article of commerce is very beneficial to the grocers," what enthusiasm this declaration of principle must excite among the grocers! These discussions of inconsistency, indeed, are the chief joy of the House, and the greatest possible waste of public time. How each party loves to catch the other party's fingers in the jam-pot! And how the sticky fists are promptly clenched, with an accompanying chorus of "You're another!" It is all so delightfully boyish that even the taxpayer cannot grudge the cost of the entertainment.

But let us take another youthful Parliamentarian whose hairs are frosted by trivial, heedless years. He sits in all the reverence of gold spectacles. What does he see through those circles of abbreviated vision? He sees editors, and they are all wicked. He sees them in the act of misreporting his speeches, and suppressing his letters of remonstrance. He describes them in the unholy orgies of the wastepaper basket. He sends messengers with pious missives to interrupt the Witches' Sabbath in the editorial dens, and, lo! the monsters ride away through the roof bestriding quills instead of broomsticks. He searches the columns of obnoxious prints for his messages of love and charity, and finds them not. Then the gold spectacles glitter with a righteous wrath, and he rises in his place to demand that an editor shall be summoned to the bar of the House to answer for his crimes. No doubt he expects the offender to manifest his malign nature to himself and the Speaker by disappearing through the ceiling in a spout of blue ink. But the House laughs a huge laugh, and young Mr. Atkinson's breach of privilege joins the great army of Parliamentary jests, to which, indeed, it is much the most robust recruit that has been seen for many a day.





THE CHILIAN SLOOP O'HIGGINS FIRING ON THE GARRISON IN VALPARAISO HARBOUR.

CUSTOM HOUSE STORES.

NAVAL SCHOOL.

SALUTING BATTERIES.



MERCHANT STEAMER.

BLANCO ENCALADA.

EXCHANGE OF SHOTS BETWEEN SHORE BATTERIES AND CHILIAN IRONCLAD BLANCO ENCALADA.

THE CIVIL WAR IN CHILE: HOSTILITIES AT VALPARAISO.





"LADY BOUNTIFUL," AT THE GARRICK THEATRE.



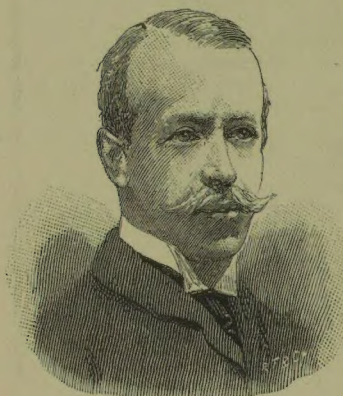
FOOTBALL-MATCH BETWEEN ENGLAND AND SCOTLAND IN THE ATHLETIC GROUNDS, RICHMOND.



## PERSONAL.

Mr. Walter Besant might have rubbed his eyes the other evening at what Mr. Sala described as the lion lying down with the lamb—and the lamb not inside the lion. Publishers and authors and booksellers made a most imposing gathering at the Booksellers' Trade Dinner on March 7. Mr. John Murray jun. occupied the chair, and he was supported by Mr. Charles Longman, Mr. T. N. Longman, Mr. Bentley, Mr. E. Marston, Mr. Frederick Macmillan, and Colonel Routledge, to mention only a few of the publishing names which are literally household words throughout the English-speaking world. Literature was represented by Mr. R. D. Blackmore, Mr. E. Gosse, and Mr. J. Sturgis, the "Ivanhoe" librettist; art by Mr. J. M. Whistler, seemingly to his own intense amusement. Mr. George Augustus Sala represented journalism, and sustained his high reputation as an after-dinner speaker. Any success, he said, which he might have gained in journalism had been due to his love and his use of books. The union between journalism and literature should be indissoluble, and the better *littérateur* a man was the better journalist he would make. He thought that the second-hand trade really ought to be included in his toast of the booksellers, for a large proportion of his ten or twelve thousand books had come from the "second-hand book" seller, and he had even been indebted to the fourpenny box.

Mr. John Murray jun., who presided at the Booksellers' Dinner, is about thirty-five years of age, and the leading part which he takes in the work of the business of the Albemarle Street firm has earned for him a very high character for business capacity, as well as for the generous treatment of authors and workers, which one is glad to associate with an historic house. Mr. John Murray sen.—now a very old man—has not definitely retired from the business, but its active conduct is in his son's hands. It is pleasant to think that a house whose story is bound up with the most brilliant period of English nineteenth-century literature is still worthily represented by a direct descendant—the fourth of his name—of the original John Murray.



MR. JOHN MURRAY JUN.

The house at Albemarle Street is a veritable Mecca of English literary pilgrims. "Here," as a writer in *Harper's* recently showed, "Sir Walter Scott and Lord Byron, here Southey and Crabbe, first shook hands; and its fireplace is that in which Byron's memoirs were committed to the flames." "Here," said Washington Irving, "I frequently meet such personages as Gifford, Campbell, Hallam, Southey, Milman, Scott, Belzoni." The period of greatest brilliancy in the history of the firm was no doubt that which concerns the lifetime of the senior John Murray, the publisher of "Marmion" and "Childe Harold," for some time the publisher of the *Edinburgh Review*, and the original projector and founder of the *Quarterly*. It is given to few men to play such a part in the production of the best literature—periodical and permanent—of his time. John Murray the second made only one conspicuous failure, the starting of the *Representative* as a rival to the *Times*. It was published at sevenpence, and only lived a few months.

The serious illness of Prince Napoleon, who is lying in deadly sickness at Rome, is no longer an event which can disturb European or French politics. Time was when he was a notable personality, when he rivalled his cousin in popularity, and was the subject of no little jealousy at his hands. But, with all his cleverness—and he impressed Cobden, who saw him in 1860 about the French Commercial Treaty, as being one of the ablest and most intelligent of men—he had a fatal lack of dignity and consistency which ruined all. Bonaparte, Freethinker, democrat, scholar, thinker, talker, he was the queerest amalgam of strength of mind and weakness of character. He resembled his uncle, the great Napoleon, closely, but he had no military talents, and his conduct at the Crimea and his repugnance to fighting duels earned him an undesired reputation for cowardice, from which Kinglake defends him. His views on religion and democracy prevented him from becoming the accepted head of the whole Bonapartist party when the Prince Imperial died, and the hopes of M. de Cassagnac and his following have mostly been fixed on Prince Napoleon's son, Prince Victor, a young man whose character is even more unstable than that of his father, and who has lived in bitter enmity with his parent. Prince Napoleon married Princess Clotilde, the daughter of Victor Emmanuel, a thoroughly amiable woman. One of his fancies when in Paris was to construct near the Champs Elysées a house built exactly after the fashion of a Roman villa, which stands to-day empty and deserted, a monument to a half-brilliant and wholly eccentric career.

Mr. Pinero, who in "Lady Bountiful" has added to the series of brilliant works with which he has adorned the modern English stage, began his career as an actor of small parts in Mr. Irving's company, doing excellent work, and employing his leisure moments in writing for the stage. His life as an author began with Mr. Irving's acceptance of a small piece which struck the great actor's fancy. Mr. Pinero has some excellent stories to tell of his old chief and of his early days at the Lyceum. He lives nearly opposite Lord's cricket-ground, and is an absolute devotee of cricket.

The Government is said to have made some excellent selections for the Royal Commission on labour. They include Mr. Robert Giffen, of the Board of Trade, by far the most accomplished statistician of his time; Mr. Maudsley, of the Lancashire cotton-spinners, one of the ablest of the older and more conservative school of trade-unionists; Mr. John Burns, who is, of course, the leading representative of the new unionism; and Mr. John Aird, M.P., one of the Conservative members for Paddington, a large contractor who has shown an intelligent interest in the labour question, and has dealt with it locally with no small success. Sir Michael Hicks-Beach is named as the probable chairman, and a better head it would be impossible to select. Sir Michael has diligence, thoroughness, and clear-headedness. His position at the Board of Trade involves to a marked extent

a kind of Ministry of Labour, and he has spoken with sympathy and knowledge on the subjects to which he will direct the mind of the Commission. Other probable members are Sir John Gorst, Lord Dunraven, Mr. John Morley, Mr. Burt, Lord Thring, Sir Edward Watkin, and Mr. Fenwick.

We are glad to hear that Madame and Mademoiselle de Staal have returned to the Russian Embassy after the very serious illness of the latter. Chesham House is now the seat of the Russian representative, and it has been brilliantly decorated and fitted with the electric light, in view of the season. M. de Staal is one of the most popular of our Ambassadors, and personally he in no way suggests the vulgar idea of the Russian diplomatist. A small, quiet, thoroughly domesticated man, his pleasant face set off with long white whiskers, who is rarely to be seen in public without his wife and daughter, he is one of the most popular figures in London diplomatic circles, as well as one of the most modest. He is fond of art, and is an almost invariable attendant at private views of the picture shows.

The health of Lady Trevelyan, who has been seriously ill, has greatly improved, but she is not able to see visitors.

Dr. Jowett, the Master of Balliol, as an intimate friend of the late Duke of Bedford, has given to the world—through the *Spectator*—a charming sketch of the Duke's personality. He was a delightful companion, a witty cynic, with a vein of caustic humour, which, however, had no touch of real ill-nature in it, and an excellent letter-writer. A favourite saying of his—illustrating the melancholy and introspective turn of his mind—was that "he did as little harm as he could help." He retained in his personal habits the simplicity of a man who is obliged to be poor, and he would say that he had lived on all incomes varying from £200 a year to £200,000, but he gave largely though quietly. He was a spectator rather than an actor on the stage of life, viewing and judging men rather than actively sympathising with their ambitions. He had the manners of an earlier age than his own; and his friends remember him, says Dr. Jowett, as "a highly accomplished man of a singular goodness and kindness of heart, and unlike anybody else whom they ever knew."

Lady Jeune is the one hostess in London upon whom the mantle of Madame Mohl has really fallen. There is many another hospitable house, many another charming circle, but to her belongs especially the power that created the *salon* of old time, the indescribable combination of faultless tact and bonhomie that draws together everybody worth knowing, albeit of the most varied (and sometimes mutually hostile) species, in general congeniality. Lady Jeune entertains simultaneously all sorts and conditions of distinguished people with a fine impartiality, and without the least incongruity, the result being that her parties are quite the pleasantest imaginable. A recent entertainment in particular, after a dinner attended by T.R.H. Prince and Princess Christian, Princesses Victoria and Louise of Schleswig-Holstein, the Duke and Duchess of St. Albans, Lord Houghton, the Lord Chancellor of Ireland, and Mr. Harry Furniss, was not merely brilliant but most thoroughly enjoyable. The beautiful saloons, radiant with wax lights, with their polished floors and delicate Louis Seize furniture, were filled with notabilities of every kind, and an incessant but not loud confusion of tongues formed a grateful substitute for music—that murderer of comfortable conversation.

The Princess seemed strangely youthful in her black-velvet gown, with turquoise-coloured feathers in her hair and turquoise and diamond ornaments. The hostess herself looked extremely handsome, *poudrée*, in white satin elaborately embroidered with gold, and not at all fatigued by the arduous duties of her Majesty's Drawing-Room and her own. Her sister, Julia Marchioness of Tweeddale, wore a wonderful *confection* of white, pale blue, and silver. Mrs. Bancroft flitted cheerily to and fro, like a humming-bird, in her glowing crimson-velvet dress, with notes of black lace, and a blaze of diamonds on the corsage. The Austrian and Italian Ambassadors, Count and Countess Francis Lützow, the Countess of Kintore, Lord Herschell, Mr. Raikes (the Postmaster-General), Mr. Haweis, Mr. Stanley, Sir Morell Mackenzie and his two daughters, were well in evidence, among others far too many to enumerate. Mr. Sala, Mr. Harry Furniss, and Sir Richard Temple were the observed of all observers, and Mr. Lockwood's clever clean-shaven face appeared at intervals in the throng. Miss Gorst, the tall brunette beauty who made such a sensation at Mrs. Frederick Beer's tableaux vivants, wore a plain white-satin dress, with a full basque of chiffon, the effect being odd but attractive. Mr. Thomas Hardy, who is, by the way, a connection by marriage of Lady Jeune's, had come up from Wessex expressly, and seemed unusually hale and in excellent spirits. Mr. Charles Wyndham was one of the last to arrive, when the staircase was becoming passable, and carriages had begun to "stop the way." Some of Lady Jeune's friends cannot but feel sorry that she intends soon to leave the now almost historic house in Wimpole Street—historic in the same sense as Holland House—for a larger habitation near by.

A great multitude of people crowded together the other day, in one of the Fine Art Society's smaller chambers, to see Mr. Alfred Parsons's renderings of old English gardens, which, so far as one might judge from glimpses between the shoulders and over the heads of the "private" (!) viewers, are very pretty and careful examples of the artist's skill, becomingly displayed against their background of red Arras cloth. The drawing especially seems good, "and, sure, 'tis no wonder," for Mr. Parsons inherits from his father, a distinguished botanist, his mastery over the structural subtleties of flowers. It may be interesting to note that some of these studies were made while Mr. Parsons was the guest of Mr. W. Robinson (the well-known proprietor of several important horticultural journals), who lives in one of the finest old Tudor houses in England, and, as may be well seen, has the most delightful of gardens. Everyone was glad to see how much stronger in health Mr. Parsons appeared, as, with his sister, he received his friends, who struggled enthusiastically about the room, chatting, and trying to see the pictures.

Attempts have been made to settle the action for slander arising out of the baccarat scandal, but they have not succeeded. Sir William Gordon-Cumming is pressing forward the suit, which will probably be tried in July. Meanwhile, Sir William is proceeding to Spain for a short rest.

The Drawing-Room of March 4 was remarkable for the extreme brilliancy and costliness of many of the dresses worn, though not, it seems, for the beauty of the debutantes. The Queen stayed half an hour, looking bright and vigorous, and then gave way to the Princess of Wales, who wore a wonderful dress of green and gold, set off with five Orders. The emeralds and rubies of the Duchess of Edinburgh and the diamonds and rubies of Lady Rothschild were remarkable in an unusually brilliant display of jewels.

## THE CANADIAN ELECTIONS.

The end of the electoral campaign must have caused



SIR RICHARD CARTWRIGHT.

a feeling of relief in the Dominion. Business has been more or less demoralised during the heat of political strife. The contest has been the most exciting ever held in the colony, issues of an unusually momentous character having been raised. Charges of all kinds have been freely made against one or the other of the great political parties in Canada, by its opponents, both on the platform and in the press; but it must be borne in mind that speeches and writings, in the course of a general election, are intended for the ears of those to whom they are addressed, and are liable to create a wrong impression if telegraphed abroad. There has been a general feeling that the policy advocated by the Canadian Liberals, of unrestricted reciprocity or commercial union, would, if carried out, lead to political union, and this view found expression in the valedictory address published by the Hon. Edward Blake. It is very certain, however, that, if the Liberals had come into power, Mr. Laurier and Sir Richard Cartwright, and the party generally, must, from the force of circumstances, have been guided in their relations with the United States by very much the same considerations as those which have always governed the Conservative Party. There is no doubt that free trade with the United States is an attractive cry in the districts along the boundary line, especially as an antidote to the McKinley tariff, which may, it is considered, prove injurious to the agricultural industry in the Dominion, although it will probably not be as serious in effect as was expected. After all, Great Britain is the natural market for Canada's agricultural products, and not the United States. The trade in such produce with the latter country only amounts to from \$8,000,000 to \$10,000,000 per annum, while similar exports to double and treble that amount are sent to the mother country.

It is curious that the talk of annexation, of which so much has been heard, does not come from Canadians but from others. For instance, one of its advocates, Mr. Goldwin Smith, is an Englishman too well known to need any special mention, Mr. Farrer, whose name has been very much to the front lately, is an Irishman; Mr. Erastus Wiman, although nominally a Canadian, has been living in New York for nearly thirty years, and has apparently become more American than the Americans. But even the last-named gentleman, the father of unrestricted reciprocity, has stated, both in speeches and in writings, that annexation as a direct issue is impossible for many generations, in view of the enthusiastic loyalty of Canadians. The inhabitants of Canada are descended chiefly from people who left the United States more than one hundred years ago rather than give up their birthright as Englishmen; and it is hardly likely, therefore, that they will lightly give up the important and semi-independent position they now occupy.

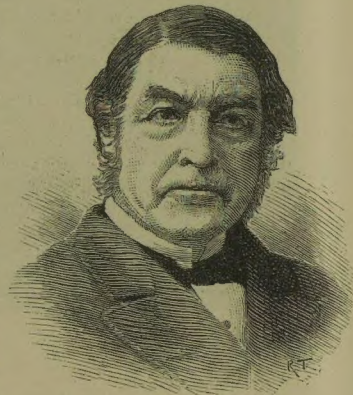
The chief figures in the contest have been Sir John Macdonald, whose portrait we published a few weeks ago; Sir Charles Tupper, the High Commissioner for Canada, who is a tower of strength, especially in the Maritime Provinces; the Hon. Wilfrid Laurier, the nominal leader of the Opposition, a French Canadian of great eloquence, and one of the best speakers in the House of Commons; and Sir Richard Cartwright, probably the ablest man on the Liberal side. Sir John Macdonald's majority has been reduced, but not to the extent



THE HON. WILFRID LAURIER.

that has generally been supposed, and his followers will number about 124 out of a House of Commons of 215 members. In the late Parliament he could count on a majority of from forty to forty-three, and he will now start with a majority of about thirty-five. The Liberal gains appear to have been made in Ontario and Quebec, in the districts along the boundary line, and are attributable to the effect produced by the McKinley Act, and to the benefits which it is anticipated would follow free trade. They have, however, lost considerably in the Maritime Provinces, while the western portions of the Dominion have remained staunchly Conservative as hitherto.

It will be interesting to see what will be done by the Government in the direction of negotiations with the United States for an improvement in the existing trade relations of the two countries. The Canadian tariff is, and always has been, considerably lower than that of the United States, and there is no disputing the fact that Canada purchases very much more of her manufactured goods from Great Britain than from the Republic. Then, again, it is not the fault of Canada that the reciprocity treaty which was abrogated in 1866 has not been renewed, for no less than ten attempts have been made since that year, by Conservatives and Liberals, to negotiate a new arrangement. It is, however, to the manifest advantage of Canada to be on good business terms with her great neighbour, if a convention can be agreed to satisfactory and honourable to both countries, and it is to be hoped that the endeavours which are about to be made in that direction will be successful, especially in view of the declaration of both parties that, in no circumstances, will anything be done to interfere with the integrity of the empire.



SIR CHARLES TUPPER.



## THE PLAYHOUSES.

BY CLEMENT SCOTT.

The letter of John Hare on the subject of "Lady Bountiful"



MISS KATE RORKE (LADY BOUNTIFUL).

is delightfully reassuring. For the future, so far as this excellent manager is concerned, the most important and vital scenes of a play are not to be acted in the dark. We are to see their faces on the stage as well as hear their voices. The first principle of dramatic representation is to be intelligibility, and it is not to be considered, old-fashioned or conventional to cry out, as we used to do in the old days when the stage was in a fog, "Higher the light!"

The realists were in great force and form on March 7, at the Garrick Theatre. Everything that was misty and nebulous in Mr. Pinero's new play they accepted "as clear as mud in a wine-glass"; all that was distinctly unsatisfactory to ordinary minds they applauded as a revelation. But when at last, towards the end of the evening, one of the most vital scenes of the play, the scene in which the countenances of the actors became an imperative necessity, the scene on which so much human interest depends, and we all discovered that the stage was as dark as Erebus, then it was that the realists went into positive raptures! One of the new cult happened to be sitting behind me in the stalls, and I thought he would have exploded with joy. "How daring! how beautiful! how absolutely unconventional!" he murmured with delighted satisfaction. "Now, an ordinary dramatist would have had that scene played in the light. Not so Pinero. He knows that when the sun sets, and there are no lights in a church, no one can see; so when he puts his characters into a church, of course we cannot see them. I admire a dramatist who can be as unconventional as that!" In a very few hours many more of the realists followed suit in more or less extravagant terms. They discovered a deep æsthetic meaning in the dark scene. It was typical of the despair that had settled on the lives of Lady Bountiful and Dennis Heron. It was to illustrate the blackness of their destiny. Out were trotted again our old friends Fate and the Greek drama. We were told that this pitch-dark church was as "noble" as the suffering figure that covers its face in the Greek play.

But alack and a-day! The æsthetic bubble has been burst! The dark scene was a pure accident, and was only occasioned by the sudden failure of the electric light. There was no fate or destiny or unconventionality in the matter. It was a little accident, and it is not likely to occur again. I wonder now what the realists think of their raptures!

Unquestionably "Lady Bountiful" is a puzzling play. Everybody is inclined to like it. They want to be pleased, but they cannot exactly tell what it is about the piece that conflicts with their sympathies. They desire to put their fingers on the blot and to diagnose the malady, but they are a little nervous in making up their minds. I think I know what is really the matter with "Lady Bountiful." I should say it was Lady Bountiful herself. Here is a play with an absolutely unsympathetic heroine. She is intended to interest us, but she succeeds in irritating us instead. I don't think I should be very far wrong if I described Lady Bountiful as a positively hateful young lady. She is arrogant, she is dictatorial, she is inconsistent; she has got money, she knows it, and she shows it. She rides the high horse. She may be bountiful, but she is not modest withal; she may be deeply in love, but she is consistently rude to those on whom she lavishes her affections. She knows that the young fellow to whom she is attached is as ignorant of his dependent position and of his father's rascally manners as a babe unborn, and yet she bullies the young fellow for faults of which he is entirely innocent. That idleness is a vice we all know, but, when a young man is brought up with the idea that he has no occasion to work, it somehow mitigates the penalty that should be attached to his sloth.

Let me give a familiar and comparative instance of the reason why Lady Bountiful jars against our sympathies, and, in a measure, spoils our interest in the new play. We go out to a dinner-party or some such kindred social gathering, and among many brilliant and delightful people we find one—man or woman, it does not matter which—who monopolises the conversation, lays down the law, contradicts this one or that, runs counter to established precedent or taste, and seems to take a fiendish delight in rubbing everyone up the wrong way. At fitful intervals some of the other clever and more interesting people get in a word edgewise, and mitigate the horror of this male or female dictator; but he or she has worked upon the nerves, and the evening is comparatively spoiled. Have we really enjoyed that dinner-party? Have we been amused? I should say decidedly not.

It is the same with a play with an irritating hero or heroine, though so few are prepared to own it. We most of us like those plays best in which we meet the most delightful and personally interesting people. We don't want all to be goody-goody, or all in the same strain, or that sentiment shall be unduly forced to the front, or that life and human nature should not be painted as they are, but we no more want to spend an evening with a disagreeable woman at the theatre, or to hear her "views," or to hear with her tantrums, than we do at the dinner-table. As a rule, you may take this for granted, that the plays with disagreeable and unamiable heroes or heroines are almost invariably unpopular. We can forgive the thinness and dramatic poverty and the simple but unambitious scheme of the "Pair of Spectacles" for the sake of dear old Benjamin Goldfinch. He makes dull life happier and sunnier by his genial presence. We have enjoyed our evening because our host is a character and is delightful. But we are not so inclined, as we ought to be, to admit the richness, the amplitude, the detail, the wonderful observance of character, the grasp of men and women, the far bolder and wider scheme of life propounded by Mr. Pinero. And why? Because our hostess, with the best intentions in the world, is so consistently disagreeable and overbearing. This will be the toughest nut that our friends of the unconventional school will have to crack. They tell us that the plays of the future are to be those in which truth is depicted. Well and good. Let it be so! But there are two sides of truth—the agreeable side of life, and the disagreeable. There are pleasant people in the world as well as hateful ones. We choose our companions, as a rule, from the former category, and not the latter. I believe that in the long run, however, those plays will always prove the most popular that, when they emphasise, do so with the better side of human nature, and not the baser. If we instinctively

shun disagreeable people in the world, we are not likely to show any very marked sympathy for them on the stage.

And you see by the example of this very play that we do not—as our opponents unfairly insist—require abstract virtue, or sugary sentimentality, or dreadfully good people for our amusement. Far from it. What more delightful scoundrel than old Roderick Heron was ever placed on the stage? And yet how we delight in him as played by that prince of pure comedians, Mr. John Hare! He is a character; he is a bit of human nature; he amuses us. His graceless audacity is fascinating; he is such a witty scoundrel. His manner is so persuasive that we almost forget what an abominable old fellow he is. And see how he takes in everyone about him! Lady Bountiful and the Veale household all yield to his sway. Why should not we? He amuses us. The same with many another character in this brilliant piece of dramatic patchwork. We are not concerned about the "morals" of Amelia, that delightful slavey acted with such exquisite truth to nature by Miss Webster. Her lover may be a lifeguardsman from Knightsbridge Barracks, or a greengrocer's boy round the corner, for aught we know or care. She may "pick over" the quartern household loaves, or jam her fingers, or pilfer the sugar, or smack the baby when Margaret's maternal back is turned. What do we care? We delight in Amelia. She is such an amusing little "general," such a modern Marchioness, sketched by a master and acted by an artist. Who cares a brass farthing about the moral character of Wimple the ostler? I dare say he "walks out" on Sunday with Amelia on the sly, or kisses her behind the stable-door. What does it matter to us, so long as the rascal makes us laugh? If Amelia is descended from the Marchioness it is certain that there is a strain of Sam Weller in Wimple. And how well he is acted, and how wonderfully Mr. John Byron resembles his father, not only in his voice but in the tone of his humour! We can almost hear the father say to the son, "What, the horse ill? Well, give him a Ball. But don't let them ask too many!" The same remarks apply to Mrs. Veale, so admirably played by Miss Dolores Drummond, and, in fact, all the minor characterisation. But when we come to Lady Bountiful and Margaret Veale, and Dennis Heron and Sir Richard Philliter, Q.C., we recall the acting of Miss Kate Rorke and Miss Marie Linden and Mr. Forbes Robertson and Mr. Somerset with pleasure, but not with much enthusiasm. However, one thing is certain, "Lady Bountiful" is a play that deserves to be seen again. I myself should like to see it, now that the electric light plays no more pranks with the church scene, and that the gushing realists of the new school have been tripped up by a good football-player, but one of the "old guard" that dies but never surrenders—John Hare!

## THE LATE MAJOR AND LIEUTENANT JAMIESON.

In our recent account of the shocking affair at Fort Stedman, on the Shan frontier of Upper Burma, where Major Nixon, commanding one of the newly formed Indian regiments for Burmese service, was murdered by a Pathan soldier, it was mentioned that the adjutant, Lieutenant Jamieson, endeavouring to arrest the frantic assassin, was mortally wounded, and died in a few hours.

This young officer, Lieutenant Edmond Walter Jamieson, was a son of Captain Jamieson (retired), formerly of the 96th Regiment. He joined the Army as lieutenant in the Berkshire Regiment (49th), May 10, 1882. He served with the 49th throughout the Egyptian War of 1882, and was present at the surrender of Kafr Dower (medal and Khedive's star); served also throughout the Eastern Sudan Campaign of 1885, being present at Hasheen on Feb. 1 in the engagements at Hasheen and the Tofrek zereba, and the subsequent advance to and burning of Tamai (two clasps). Subsequently joining the Madras Staff Corps, he served with the Burmese Expedition of 1886 (medal with clasp).

The elder brother of Lieutenant E. W. Jamieson died in England, at Clifton, within a week of the tragical event in Burma. This was Major C. J. Jamieson, of the 14th Sikh Regiment, and of the Bengal Staff Corps. He was forty-two years of age. He entered the Army, as ensign 31st Foot, July 8, 1863; was transferred to the 41st, Aug. 22, 1863; became lieutenant, May 20, 1873; entered the Bengal Staff Corps, Aug. 18, 1874; became captain, July 8, 1880; and major, July 8, 1888. He served in the Jowaki-Afreedee Expedition of 1877-8 (medal with clasp); in the Afghan War of 1878-9, being present at Ali Musjid (medal with clasp); and in the Mahsood Wuzereee Expedition of 1881; also in the last Black Mountain Expedition (clasp).

Mr. Cecil Rhodes, the Cape Premier, has left very decided impressions as to the future of South Africa upon all with whom he came into close contact in England. The South African Federation of which Lord Carnarvon dreamt is, he believes, out of the question for the present. Natal will paddle her own canoe as a British colony, and the Cape Colony has too much on hand just now to bring the two Dutch Republics within its jurisdiction. A Customs and Railway Union would, however, seem to be feasible, and that may lead to free trade among the South African States.

The new clock which has been fixed in the tower of Faversham church, and which is now completed, was manufactured by Mr. J. W. Benson, of the Steam Factory, Ludgate Hill. It shows time upon three copper dials, 6 ft. each in diameter, and strikes the hours upon a tenor bell weighing 18 cwt., and chimes the Cambridge quarters upon four proportionably smaller bells. The movement throughout is constructed solely of the best gun-metal and hardened and tempered steel.

## FOREIGN NEWS.

Strange rumours relating to a political reconciliation between Prince Bismarck and Chancellor von Caprivi have recently been circulating in Berlin and Vienna, and, although they should be received with due caution, there is a noticeable lull in the storm which some time ago attracted so much attention. Certain it is, however, that the newspaper warfare to which the Emperor alluded in a sensational speech is now a thing of the past, that Prince Bismarck intends to stand as a candidate to the Reichstag for Geestemunde, and that he is not to be opposed by a Government candidate. The Continental papers contain endless details as to the probable resignation of General von Caprivi, and the appointment in his stead of Count Waldersee, the former chief of the General Staff, all of which must be taken *cum grano*; but the Continental Press has such good reasons to watch very closely every political move in Germany that it would perhaps not be wise to dismiss all these rumours as unfounded, improbable as they may appear at first sight. On March 2, the German Emperor, who lunched with the officers of the 1st Regiment of Field Artillery of the Guard, made a speech in reply to the toast of his health, in which, alluding to the improvements made in ordnance and to the use of artillery in the Franco-German war, he expressed the opinion that "Artillery must now be regarded as the very backbone and marrow of a battle." This opinion can hardly be called original, for Napoleon I. said very much the same thing, and the question is whether any importance should be attached to this speech of the Emperor, which was telegraphed all over the world, and reproduced in almost every newspaper. It is more than likely that William II. meant nothing more than a compliment to the distinguished officers who were entertaining him. A new income-tax law has just been passed by the Prussian Chamber, from which great things are expected. The new law will, it is said, be more equitable than the former one, and prevent fraudulent and insufficient returns, thereby increasing the revenue.

The Protectionist current now prevalent in France is so strong that the Free Traders have given up all hope of successfully resisting it, and enter their protests almost as a mere matter of form and, as it were, for conscience sake. The Customs Committee have issued a report condemning the treaties of 1860, declaring that the time has come when a new commercial policy should be adopted by France, and recommending two tariffs, a conventional tariff and a minimum tariff, below which the duties can never sink in future. This minimum tariff is to be applied to the products of the countries which give the best terms to France, while the conventional tariff will be applied to those countries which impose heavy duties on French goods. British trade will suffer considerably in consequence of this new fiscal policy, for the minimum tariff is, on an average, 24 per cent. above the present one, and in some cases 100 per cent. There may be some consolation for English manufacturers in the fact that French Free Traders are convinced that the new tariffs will be found impracticable, and that the French Government will soon have to revert to a more liberal commercial policy. But, in the meantime, they must be prepared for considerable inconvenience and loss. M. Jules Ferry, who was elected to the French Senate in the early part of the year, has delivered his first speech in that assembly in the course of a debate on Algeria. M. Ferry's remedy to the present unsatisfactory state of affairs in the colony consists in increasing the number of native schools, promoting the native ownership of the land, and bringing about, by all possible means, the assimilation of the natives with the French colonists. The difficulty is that the interests of the colonists and those of the natives are conflicting, and this notwithstanding the fact that Algeria has been in the possession of the French for upwards of forty years. The Senate, after hearing M. Tirman, the Governor of Algeria—who has resigned—and not being able to agree upon a policy, has decided to appoint a commission of inquiry of eighteen Senators, who will have to ascertain what changes are to be introduced in the government of Algeria. The French Government—or, rather, M. Constans—has suddenly developed a remarkable hatred of that form of gambling known as betting on horse-races. The Chamber having rejected a Bill for regulating betting, the Minister of the Interior has declared that he interpreted the vote of the Deputies as an order to suppress bookmakers altogether, and he has taken measures accordingly. On Sunday, March 8, the Auteuil racecourse was filled with police and municipal guards, ready to pounce on any bookmaker who ventured on plying his trade, and a number of police-vans were brought on the spot to convey the delinquents to prison. The bookmakers took the prohibition good-humouredly, no list-betting took place, and the meeting passed off with as much dullness as order. But, if no betting is allowed, there will be no spectators at race-meetings, no receipts, and, ultimately, no races; with the result that horse-breeding will in time disappear altogether, and that France will have to purchase horses for her army in Austria and Russia. M. Constans will find that bookmakers are more difficult to suppress than Boulangists.

Italy may be described just now as struggling to be free from financial difficulties. The situation is very much the same as at the time of the fall of Signor Crispi, for the simple reason that, if Ministers have changed, the financial condition of the country has not altered. This was anticipated by all observers, and causes no surprise. It is, however, somewhat astonishing to see an Italian paper like the *Popolo Romano* proposing that Italy should publish the text of the treaty which binds her to the Triple Alliance, should this document contain nothing hostile to France, and that France, in return, should help Italy out of her difficulty with the assistance of the great French financial establishments. It would be surprising, indeed, if Italy were permitted to reveal the terms of her treaty with the Triple Alliance, for it is obvious that such diplomatic instruments are always to be kept secret. What, then, is the object of the proposal of the *Popolo Romano*? And how far does it represent the views of the Italian people?

The financial crisis in the Argentine has produced a panic, and the Government has had to ask the help of the bankers. The negotiations have been conducted secretly, and it was finally decided to issue a national loan of 100,000,000 pesetas, to bear interest at 6 per cent. While the subscription-list was open, a decree of the Government ordered a three-days suspension of payment by the banks. It is reported that the directors of the National and Provincial Banks will retire.

The Emperor of China has, in spite of all opposition, received the foreign ambassadors. The reception was as formal as possible, and of a gingerly character; but it has at last established a precedent, and that is an important fact, likely to have a beneficial influence on the relations of China with foreign Powers.

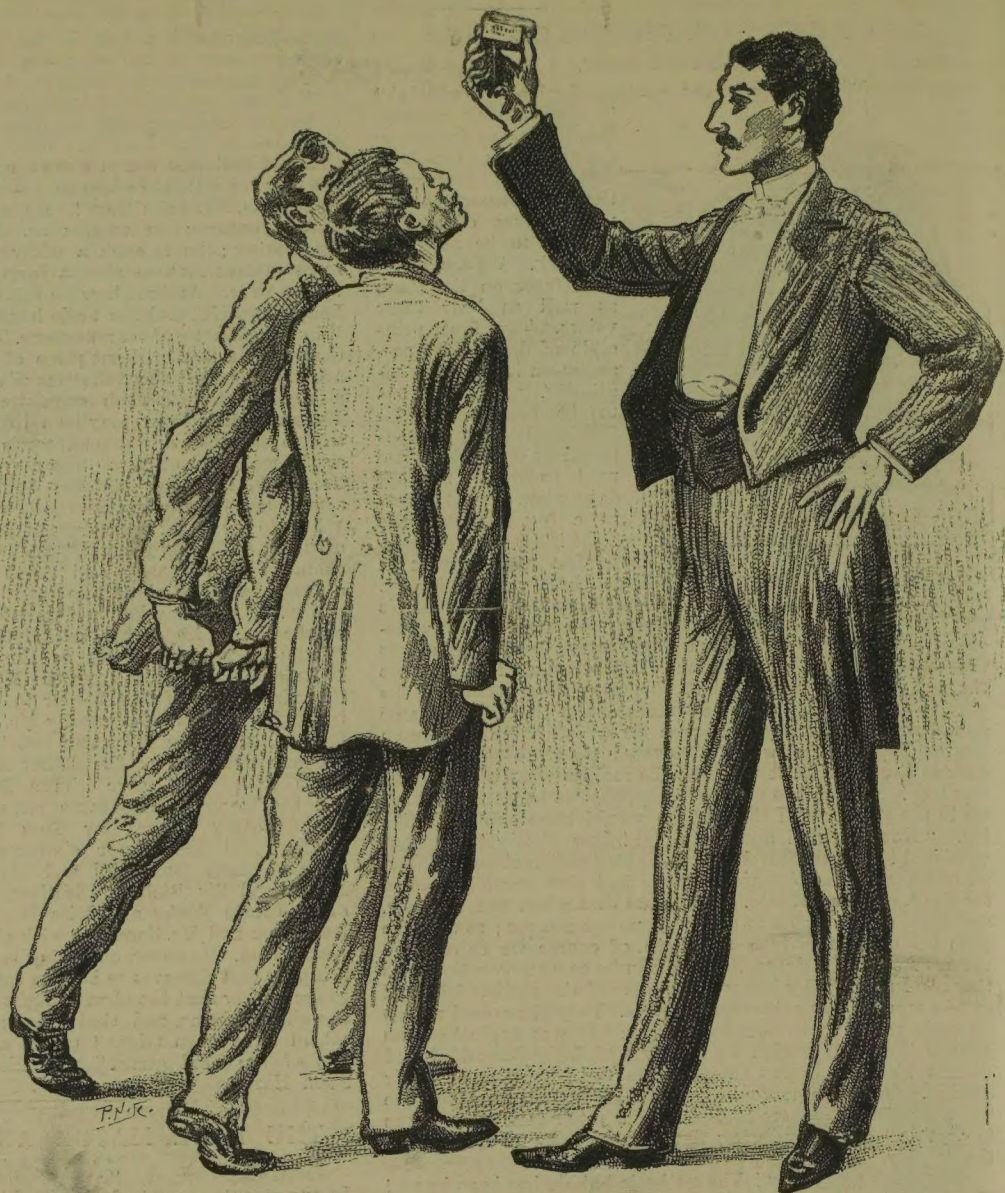


## AN EXPOSITION OF HYPNOTISM.

The lecture and experimental proofs which "Dr. Stanley"—a name assumed, for this public appearance, by a qualified physician, a gold medallist of Trinity College, Dublin University, acting with the countenance of a committee of London medical men—put before his audience on Friday, March 6, in the Whitehall Rooms of the Hôtel Métropole, should command some attention. Scientific investigators of mental maladies in England have, for some years past, cautiously watched the inquiries systematically pursued by eminent specialists in France and Germany, the results of which have been officially authenticated and ably discussed, with regard to the ascertained phenomena of that abnormal condition of the brain called "hypnotism," an artificial or morbid state of partial sleep, apparently involving temporary paralysis of some functions of the nervous system. The merit of first commencing this inquiry on a scientific basis is due to the late Dr. James Braid, of Manchester, who nearly fifty years ago, having witnessed experiments then commonly ascribed to "Mesmerism" or "Animal Magnetism," which were popularly supposed to result from the transfusion of a subtle vital fluid proceeding out of one human body into another, formed the opinion that this was not the real cause. He made experiments, therefore, which proved that a similar influence on the brain and mind could be obtained by the exhausting and stupefying effect of a fixed gazing attitude on the optic nerve and the nervous centres which are connected with vision.

Braid's treatises on the subject, published from 1843 to 1855, could present no complete theory, as cerebral anatomy and physiology were then imperfectly known; but the vast modern development of those branches of science, by the aid of minute and exact microscopic investigations, especially in the French schools, has been attended with an extension of Braid's view of the suspension of particular nervous functions affecting mental operations, as the sufficient physical cause of almost every liability to illusions of the senses, or to emotions, ideas, and impulses which may be provoked by suggestions at the operator's will, or may be occasioned by incidental outward impressions. A good account of the results of these inquiries, as conducted by M. Charcot and his professional associates, since 1878, in the special school founded by him at the Salpêtrière hospital for females in Paris, with an historical sketch of the preceding notions of "animal magnetism," and with tentative essays on the new hypothetical science, will be found in the volume by Messrs. Alfred Binet and Charles Féré, translated for the "International Scientific Series," and published by Messrs. Kegan Paul, Trench, and Co. At the same time, systematic experimental observations and discussions, of equal importance, have for some years past been going on at Nancy, under Messrs. Liébault, Liégeois, and Bernheim, who have thrown more light on the effects of suggestions during the hypnotic state; at Hamburg and other cities in Germany, by Weinhold, Berger, Heidenhain, and Moll; and in Holland, Belgium, and Italy. In our own country, until last year, little experimental demonstration was publicly attempted, though Braid's propositions had long ago gained the general assent of physiologists like the late Dr. W. B. Carpenter and Dr. Marshall Hall, examining the action of the brain. Some experiments privately shown at Leeds or Wakefield, under the direction of Dr. Milne Bramwell and others, served to invite the medical profession in England to join in the inquiries which had occupied so many eminent scientific men on the Continent of Europe.

From a popular and practical point of view, it seems to us that they should not be discountenanced by the obvious consideration that any method of artificially producing hallucinations or emotions, and of suggesting actions, in the abnormal condition of the mental faculties, is capable of being abused by an unscrupulous operator seeking to control the will of the patient for wrongful purposes. Some prejudice on this account seemed lately to be excited by the pleading in a French criminal court in the case of Eyraud and Gabrielle Bompard; the woman, being charged as an accomplice in a murder, having been defended on the ground that she was the hysterical victim of hypnotic processes. It might hereafter be deemed necessary to prohibit the practice of such operations by unauthorised persons, or to enjoin proper safeguards against their misuse, even for the sake of the patient's health and sanity; but the investigation of scientific truth cannot be other than



HYPNOTIC PATIENTS ATTRACTED TO A MATCH-BOX.



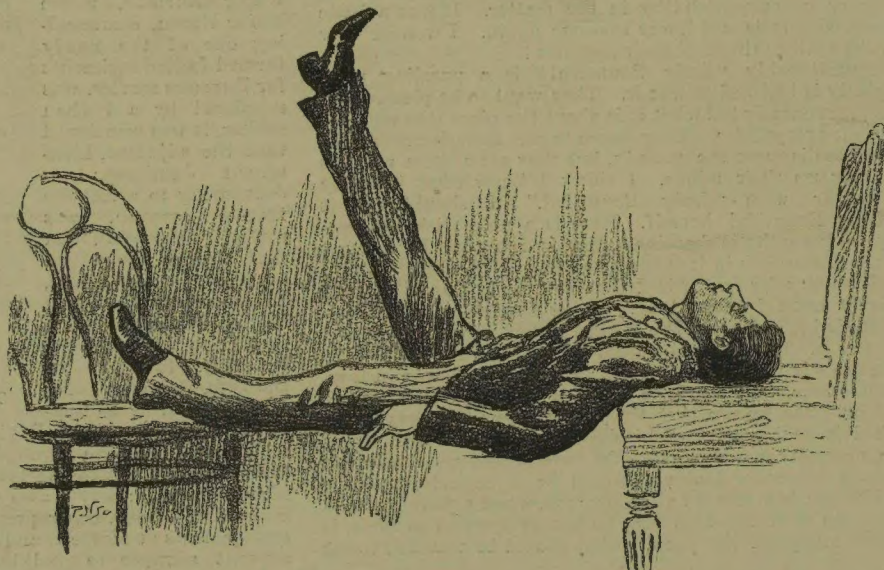
HYPNOTISED BY THE SOUND OF A GONG.

beneficial to mankind, and many degrading superstitions will be overcome by a correct knowledge of the physical causes of illusion and hallucination. Dr. Stanley's exposition appears to have a salutary tendency: it is not a vulgar entertainment to amuse the spectators with novel wonders, but a practical challenge to the examination and consideration of facts in the relation of the human body to the mind, with which we ought to become as well as possible acquainted for the safety of both.

A report of the lecture is scarcely needful to explain our illustrations; but its definition of the successive states or stages of hypnosis—namely, lethargy, catalepsy, and somnambulism—followed mainly that given by Charcot

and the Salpêtrière School, which is precisely set forth in the book we have noticed. Readers may compare this with the articles written by Dr. Milne Bramwell and Dr. L. S. Best in the *New Review* of June 1890, and in the *Fortnightly Review* of the same date, by Dr. J. Luys, of the La Charité Hospital in Paris, author of an excellent treatise on the anatomy of the brain in the "International Scientific Series." The differences between the Paris, the Nancy, and the German professors of this new science do not so much concern the actual phenomena as their theoretical inferences, all of which are still in a position demanding to be further verified, and liable to some modification, before they can be established as positive doctrine.

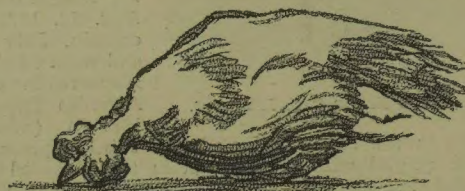
Hypnotisation is effected, as was shown at the Hôtel Métropole, in various ways—sometimes by making the patient



STATE OF CATALEPSY: THE BODY RIGID.

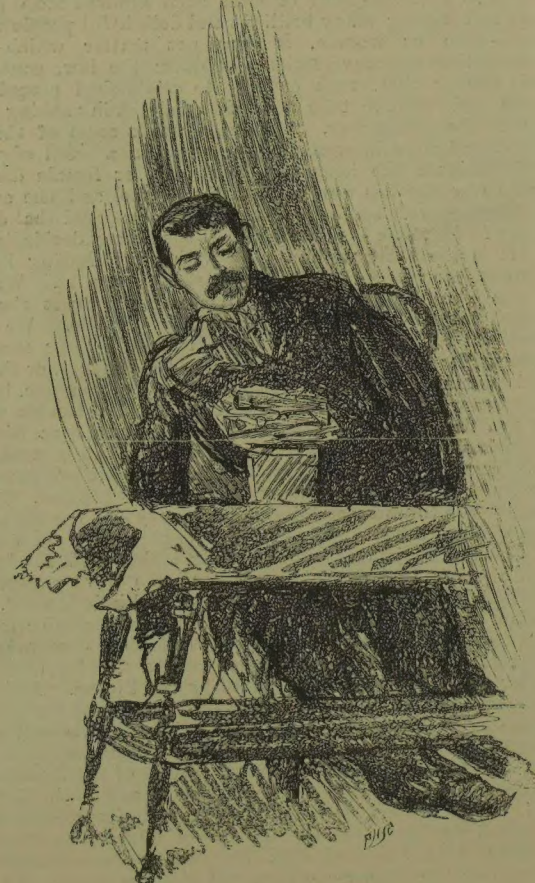


AN IMAGINARY TOOTHACHE.



HYPNOTISED FOWL.

fix his eyes intently, with strained vision, perhaps squinting, on a single point, or a moving object; sometimes, by the sudden flash of a magnesium light, or by the sound of a gong, or by touches and passes. The proofs of rigidity and total insensibility to pain, in one hypnotic condition, of mistaken sensations in another, and of delusive beliefs, were very effective. The feeling of violent toothache was produced in one person and transmitted to another by means of a magnet. There was an experiment with two fowls, which were hypnotised, one by a piece of chalk and the other by a swinging motion. Both birds appeared extremely lively before and after the hypnotic state. The operations on human subjects included an illustration of the separate action of the two hemispheres of the brain: the patient, in the condition of "lucid somnambulism," showed gladness with one side of his face, and grief with the other.



PATIENT GOING OFF!





PERFORMANCE OF "THE GONDOLIERS" BEFORE THE QUEEN AT WINDSOR CASTLE.



## THE PARLIAMENTARY BEGINNER.

BY JUSTIN HUNTLY MCCARTHY, M.P.

To the true political enthusiast, the House of Commons is a kind of Earthly Paradise. To the true political enthusiast, it often remains, as far as his own career is concerned, as far off and unfindable as that "shadowy isle of bliss midmost the beating of the steely sea" which the Wanderers in Mr. Morris's poem sought and found not. Did not Anthony Trollope declare that the only door which he ever really wanted to see open to him was the door of the House of Commons? Yet through that much-desired portal he was never destined to pass. There are men who have tried, and tried again, whose whole life has been passed in the hopeless effort to obtain the privilege of pushing back a certain swinging door, and sitting, with hat on head, on a certain spot among a number of green benches. To some of these desperate adventurers the privilege never comes at all; their ambition dies with them unsatisfied; they were destined to be for ever strangers in the House of their hopes. To others the longed-for triumph comes at last, and the magic doors yield to their touch, and they clasp the hand of Mr. Speaker, and are happy. But such a belated victor in the battle is only in, as it were, a technical sense a Parliamentary Beginner. The veteran, grizzled with other cares and scarred with other strifes, has lost inevitably that freshness which makes the experiences of the true Parliamentary beginner so interesting to himself. In fighting his fight of life he has lost that delight in the consciousness of novelty which is the privilege of the less tested. The man who is about to be married for, say, the fourth time may be devotedly attached to the latest lady of his heart, but he cannot turn to her with the bright enthusiasm which Daphnis offers to Chloe. To be a true Parliamentary beginner the House of Commons must stand in something of the relation of a first love.

The Parliamentary beginner ought therefore to be a young man. He ought to be an ambitious man. If, as occasionally happens, he is merely pitchforked into a place, in obedience to some sudden stress of circumstances, and possibly much against his will, he is not of the stuff of which the ideal Parliamentary beginner is made. He ought to be very eager to get into the House of Commons; he ought to feel very confident that a great career awaits him there; he ought to feel that in political life alone is the soul of man best tempered; he ought to have an eye to the great examples of the past, and to cherish the hope that in his own person may be united the genius of Bolingbroke without his vacillation, the eloquence of Burke without his stubbornness, the statesmanship of Pitt without his coldness. It is really no harm for a Parliamentary novice to please his thoughts by feeding them upon the former fortunes of the great Parliamentarians, and to stimulate himself with dreams of rivalling, of possibly eclipsing, their majesty. It is the business of the young French conscript with the marshal's bâton in his knapsack over again. Of all the number of young men who flock to the table of the House after a general election there is always the probability that some one of them will rise to distinction, and the possibility that some one of them will even attain to fame. What wonder, therefore, if each one of the crowd thinks of himself as the possible drawer of the lucky number in the great lottery! In a very clever novel by a very clever Italian novelist—Mathilde Serao, "La Conquista di Roma"—the story opens with a study of the emotions of a young Italian deputy who has been just elected to Parliament, and who is on his way by train to the great capital to play his part in the political game. All his hopes and fears, all his ambitions and desires, are the hopes and fears, the ambitions and desires, of the majority of the young men who make their first appearance in any Parliament, whether the Parliament House be upon the Thames or the Tiber, the Seine or the Potomac. There is a suggestion of the spirit of Balzac's Rastignac in every young politician, of that Rastignac who stood overlooking Paris on an occasion so memorable in fiction, and saying, "A nous deux maintenant."

To the young Parliamentary beginner, his first day at Westminster is for ever memorable in the annals of his life. With what a tremendous excitement he drives up to Palace Yard, generally under the protecting wing of some old hand who has promised to see him through, and to whom he clings as fondly as bridegroom to best man on a not more thrilling occasion! With what a delicious blending of audacity and trepidation he treads the long stone passage which leads from Palace Yard into the sacred precincts of the House! When the writ is duly obtained, then the new hand passes nervously through the great doors that now, for the first time, fall back at his approach, and, with the air half of a king about to be crowned and half of a man about to be hanged, he takes his seat on the benches Under the Clock until the *ineluctabile tempus* comes which shall bring with it his right to choose his place among the Commons. Under the Clock, accordingly, he sits for a time that appears to him to be an eternity. Men who know him come up and sit by him and talk to him, and he answers them as men answer apparitions in dreams, vaguely, wonderingly. Time seems leaden-footed. Questions protract themselves unbearably, and he finds himself cursing in his heart the causeless curiosity which prompts member after member to supplement the questions on the paper—a copy of which he, of course, holds in his trembling hands—with other questions of their own which seem to him to be ludicrously inappropriate, gratuitous, even impertinent. But Question Time comes to an end, like all things. As the last number on the paper is reached, he gets his hint, and, rising, takes his place below the Bar, with his introducers on each side of him. He feels painfully conscious that every eye in the House is turned upon him. In all probability nobody is taking the least notice of him, but he is convinced to the contrary. He finds that his lips have grown unaccountably dry, and that his heart is beating in an absurd way which must, he imagines, be audible in every part of the House. His hands are twitching piteously, and he is aware, like Sir Hugh Evans, of a great disposition to cry, crossed, as it were, and tempered by, an inclination to nuholy and most hysterical laughter. So he stands there, abject, trembling, unmanned, until suddenly the form of Mr. Speaker assumes gigantic proportions, like a Brocken spectre, and he hears an awful voice, that sounds like a summons of doom, announcing that "Members desirous of taking their seats will please come to the table." Another moment, and he is walking up the floor of the House with his two friends, like Aaron and Hur, on either side of him, and making bows at stated intervals, while on one side he hears a confused cheering, and on the other an intermittent murmur of comment and query. Then he is at the table; he reads some printed form, swears some solemn affidavit, signs his name in a book, feels very lonely on being suddenly deserted by his backers, makes his way most awkwardly along the Treasury Bench, trampling over the feet of Ministers of the Crown, until he is introduced by the Clerk to Mr. Speaker, who, leaning forward with an amiable smile, shakes hands and welcomes him to Westminster. He murmurs something—he knows not what—slips hurriedly behind the Speaker's chair, and so puts an end to an episode in his life that never can be quite repeated. Never again can he be absolutely a Parliamentary beginner.

## MARAT IN ENGLAND.

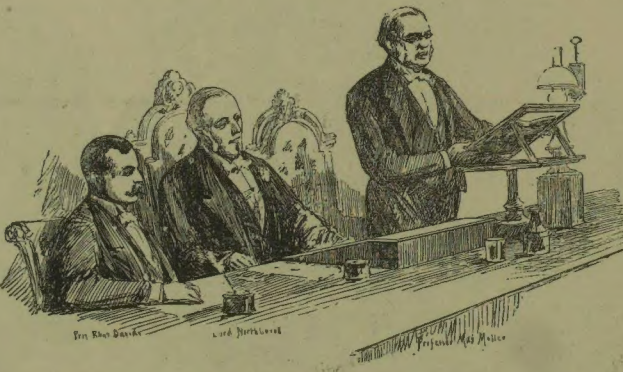
BY RICHARD GARNETT, LL.D.

The recent publication, by M. Pilotelle, of a French translation of an English work by Marat—"An Enquiry into a Singular Disease of the Eyes" (1776)—of which but a single copy is known to exist in the original, will tend to revive interest in this too celebrated man, and may justify a few words on a hitherto unsolved problem in his history. It is generally known that Marat resided for some years in England, between 1770 and 1780, and acquired sufficient command of our language to write several books in it. His career in this country has been frequently investigated, and most recently by the anonymous writer of a very able monograph, entitled "Marat en Angleterre," privately printed in January last. The point, however, which all have left unsettled is precisely the one with the most important bearing on Marat's character. Was he, or was he not, the person who, on March 5, 1777, was convicted at the Oxford Assizes of stealing "from thirteen to sixteen" gold medals and two gold chains, altogether to the value of £200, from the Ashmolean Museum, and sentenced to five years' hard labour? The conviction of John Peter Le Maître, alias Maire, alias Matra, alias Mara, for this offence is established by the extract from the "Book of the Crown Court for the Oxford Assizes," given in "Marat en Angleterre," and Marat's identity with this person was positively asserted in the *Monthly Repository* for 1813. It can hardly be supposed that none of his biographers should have thought of elucidating the question by reference to the contemporary Oxford newspapers, and their omission to do so must have arisen from want of access to those journals. The British Museum, however, possesses a file of *Jackson's Oxford Journal*, which contains reports both of the robbery and of the trial. The former, it appears, was committed on Feb. 3, 1776, by a person named Le Maître, Matra, or Mara, who had lately settled at Oxford as a teacher of drawing for tambour embroidery, and who, after disposing of two medals and a five-guinea piece, took post-horses for London. He then proceeded to Norwich, where he sold more of the medals, and was eventually apprehended in Dublin, where others were found in his possession. His defence was that he had received the medals in satisfaction of a debt from a member of the University, whose name he would not divulge, evidently because the person and the transaction were alike imaginary. Conviction followed as a matter of course. The date of the robbery demonstrates, as it seems to us, that Marat and Le Maître were not the same person. Marat's medical book, recently translated by M. Pilotelle, was published, as the dedication shows, in January 1776. It is inconceivable that by the beginning of the following month the London physician should have become the Oxford tailor, and the assertion of his accusers that he embroidered waistcoats in Edinburgh under the name of John White evidently proceeds from a confusion, not improbably wilful, between him and the actual delinquent. With this admission, a number of other fables respecting Marat's pursuits in England also fall to the ground; and, while continuing to regard him as the most frenzied of all political lunatics, we may believe him justified in his challenge to his adversaries to produce a single judicial condemnation of any action of his life.

The medical work of Marat, to which reference has been made, translated from English into French by M. Georges Pilotelle under the title of "La Presbytie Accidentelle," is published in a very handsome volume by Champion, Quai Voltaire. The only known copy of the original is in the library of the College of Physicians. M. Pilotelle thinks that it was originally written in French, for which opinion there seems no sufficient ground.

## A PLEA FOR ORIENTAL STUDIES.

The eminent Orientalist Dr. Frederick Max Müller, Professor of Comparative Philology at the University of Oxford, author of many learned treatises, essays, and discussions on the origin and structure of languages, the sources and growth of mythologies, the development of ancient religions, philosophies, and literatures, and editor of the Oxford versions of the "Sacred Books of the East," is known to all. He appeared on Wednesday, March 4, in the hall of the London University,



INAUGURAL LECTURE BY PROFESSOR MAX MÜLLER AT THE ROYAL ASIATIC SOCIETY.

Burlington Gardens, to deliver the inaugural lecture of a course under the auspices of the Royal Asiatic Society. He was accompanied by Professor T. W. Rhys Davids, Secretary to the Royal Asiatic Society, formerly of the Ceylon Civil Service, the learned Pali scholar who has translated and commented upon the most authentic books of the Buddhist religion. Lord Northbrook was in the chair, and among those present were the Siamese Envoy and many of our Indian and Asiatic visitors in London. The lecture was rather of a general character, on "The Antiquity of Oriental Literature," with an examination, however, of the earliest dates claimed for Indian, Egyptian, Babylonian, and Hebrew; showing that "the real 'Juventus Mundi' lay far beyond the Greeks, far beyond the siege of Troy." The common origin of Indo-European languages in the speech of the primitive Aryan race was proved by various instances; and some examples were given of English words retaining the stamp of the same usage that determined the forms of Sanskrit when the Vedas were composed. It was also pointed out how the study of the language of Babylon served to illustrate that of Hebrew and those of other Semitic nations, and how the influence of Egyptian traditions might be traced in the Old Testament Scriptures. Chinese antiquity, it was remarked, had not attracted equal attention, because it was more out of touch with the questions that seem most to concern ourselves. Professor Max Müller concluded with an eloquent pleading for Oriental studies, as essential to the knowledge of mankind, the past, present, and future being associated in all human affairs. These lectures, to be continued through the session, are intended for general audiences of educated persons who need not be already conversant with any special Oriental lore.

## THE FIRST CROCUS.

BY GRANT ALLEN.

I write from that haven of rest, Cap d'Antibes, before a blue-zoned bay, in full view of the snow-clad Alps and of the purple Estérel. On the table beside me as I write stands a dainty Vallauris vase filled with delicate wild flowers from the neighbouring woods—crocus, celandine, anemone. I lift my eyes from my sheet of foolscap, and through the open window I see, between my own room and the blue bay, a narrow belt of white crags, interspersed with low, windswept scrub of lentisk and myrtle. Among the interstices of those honey-combed rocks the native crocuses grow in wild profusion. Not a cleft or a cranny but holds, unseen, some wee black bulb; not an inch of space in the foreground but is starred over with big cups that stand open like goblets to catch the broad flood of southern sunshine.

Still, I don't want to tantalise you. By the time these lines are in print in England your first crocuses over there will, no doubt, be just showing their timid heads, in fear and trembling for night frosts, above the smooth black surface of many a garden border. The florist's kinds that we cultivate commonly in the North, however, are not quite the same as these pretty wildings. They belong, indeed, to two distinct species: the golden yellow sort, which has its native home in the Isles of Greece, more particularly the Cyclades; and the striped lilac or white crocus, which is a mountain plant of the Mediterranean region, and, above all, of the Caucasus. But most of the crocus tribe are much alike in shape, habit, and appearance; and this little variegated wild one that springs spontaneous among the crannied limestone rocks of the Alpes Maritimes may stand as a fair specimen, in most respects, of the family tactics: it represents very well the common habits of the group in its natural surroundings.

Crocuses, as a rule, are early spring flowers. Therefore, as a matter of course, they are naturally bulbous. You may not perhaps have remarked it, but almost every early spring blossom is produced—and necessarily produced—from a bulb or tuber. Hyacinths, tulips, the narcissus, the daffodil, all conform to this rule. So also do cyclamens, scillas, snowdrops, and meadow orchids. The buttercups are hardly by nature, one would say, a very bulbous family, yet all the earliest members of the group to bloom in our gardens, such as winter aconite and turban ranunculus, have thickened tuber-like roots; while the two first to show themselves among our wild English kinds are the lesser celandine, with its little stores of subterranean nutriment like miniature potatoes, and the bulbous buttercup, with its stout round rootstock supplying abundant starchy material for the manufacture of the stem and bright golden flower. Why, even in describing the habit of these plants, I have unintentionally explained its *rationale* before due season. Only two sorts of plant, indeed, can possibly flower in very early spring: trees or bushes, like the almond, the mezereon, the Japanese pear, and the blackthorn, foodstuff for whose flowering is contained within the permanent tissues; and herbs, like the crocus, the tulip, the jonquil, or the snowflake, which bury the material for next year's flowering in one of those rich receptacles we call a bulb, a corm, a tap-root, or a tuber.

For a similar reason such early-flowering shrubs or herbs are often leafless at the season of blossoming. They don't need the leaves for purposes of nutriment, and they don't want them to get in the way of the fertilising insects. Other plants can only bloom after the foliage has laid by sufficient material, within the same summer, for the final production of flower and fruit. But early-blossoming kinds had their material laid by in the preceding season; hence they are really, in a physiological sense, very late-flowering rather than early-flowering organisms, because they delay their inflorescence, as it were, till the succeeding spring-time. In catkin-bearing trees one can often see for oneself that this is really and very indubitably the case; for beeches, birches, hazels, and many others actually form the pendent catkins in the early autumn, let them hang on the boughs over winter half undeveloped, and only open them in spring when the weather becomes warm enough for due fertilisation by soft westerly breezes. We have thus, in point of fact, a postponed flowering-season: the plant rests on its oars during the winter, and only finally produces its open flowers when the spring is sufficiently advanced to allow of proper swelling in the fertilised fruitlets.

For, of course, the grand fundamental object of flowering is not the flower itself, but the production of seed; and the crocus needs seed just as much and as truly as any bulbless plant of all its neighbours. Gardeners and amateurs will often assure you that such and such a plant is grown not from seed but from bulbs or tubers. When the foolish tell you such strange tales, believe them not. From the scientific point of view that is the purest rubbish. No species really reproduces or can possibly reproduce by bulbs. The bulb is only the permanent part of the organism that does not die down in winter when the foliage decays: it stands to the crocus or tulip as the trunk and branches stand to the oak or ash in its leafless winter. New bulbs are only fresh boughs: they are not, in any true sense of the word, new individuals. The crocus is fertilised by early spring bees, which never come out save in very bright sunshine. To meet the views of their guests, therefore, the crocuses only open their broad golden cups when the sun shines full upon them. In dull and overcast weather, or at approach of evening, they shut up again with great promptitude, for three good and sufficient reasons. In the first place, there are no bees about then, and any insect who came, being unable to fertilise the wee seeds, would only steal the honey or pollen with no corresponding advantage to the thrifty blossom. In the second place, there is the adverse chance of frost, which might nip the pollen-sacs and kill the seedlets in the ovary. In the third place, rain would wash away the precious pollen, swamp the cups with cold water, and uselessly dilute the attractive honey. For all these reasons, therefore, the crocus, good, prudent blossom, covers itself up tight in the shade, and expands its flaunting cups to their full width only in the golden sunshine. Then the busy bee fertilises it, and goes on his way rejoicing; while the ovary swells apace and grows out into a capsule. This capsule, however, can hardly be noticed at the time of flowering, because it is buried in the soil, at the base of the long tube formed by the perianth or corolla. It is only as the seeds ripen that its stalk lengthens slightly; and before the capsule breaks it has generally reached the level of the earth, or even risen half an inch above it.





DRAWN BY W. H. OVEREND.

*As the clipper stormed past, Jacob sprang on to a thwart, and in an ecstasy of greeting shrieked out, "How d' ye do, Sir? Glad to see ye, Sir!"*

## MY DANISH SWEETHEART: THE ROMANCE OF A MONTH.

BY W. CLARK RUSSELL,

AUTHOR OF "THE GOLDEN HOPE," "THE DEATH SHIP," "THE WRECK OF THE GROSVENOR," ETC.

### CHAPTER XI.

#### HEADING SOUTH.

Just then Helga rose through the hatch. I caught an expression of admiration in Abraham's face at her floating, graceful manner of passing through the little aperture.

"She might ha' been born and bred in a lugger," said he to me in a hoarse whisper. "Whoy, with the werry choicest and elegantest o' females it 'ud be no more'n an awkward scramble to squeeze through that hole. Has she wings to her feet? I didn't see her use her elbows, did you? And, my precious limbs! how easily she takes them thwarts!" by which he meant her manner of passing over the seats of the boat.

Perhaps now I could find heart to admire the girl's figure. Certainly I had had but small spirit for observation of that kind aboard the raft, and there only had her shape been revealed to me; for in the barque no hint was conveyed by her boyish attire of the charms it rudely and heavily concealed. The sparkling brine with which she had refreshed her face had put something of life into her pale cheeks, and there was a faint bloom in her complexion that was slightly deepened by a delicate glow as she smiled in response to my smile, and took a seat at my side.

"Them rashers smells first-class," said Abraham, with a hungry snuffle. "It must be prime ham as 'll steal to the nose, while cooking, dead in the vind's eye."

"Before breakfast is ready," said I, "I'll imitate Miss Nielsen's example," and with that I went forward, drew a bucket of water, dropped into the forepeak, and enjoyed the most refreshing wash that I can call to mind. One needs to be shipwrecked to appreciate these seeming trifles. For my own part, I could scarcely realise that, saving my oilskin coat, I had not removed a stitch of my clothes since I had run from my mother's house to the life-boat. I came into the light that streamed into the little hatch, and took a view of myself in the looking-glass, and was surprised to find how triding were the marks I bore of the severe, I may truly say the desperate, experiences I had passed through. My eyes retained their brightness, my cheeks their colour. I was bearded, and therefore able to emerge triumphantly from a prolonged passage of marine disaster without requiring to use a razor. It is the stubbled chin that completes the gauntness of the shipwrecked countenance.

I have a lively recollection of that breakfast—our first meal aboard the Early Morn. Rashers of ham hissed in the frying-pan; each of us grasped a thick china mug full of black coffee; the bag of biscuits we had brought with us from the barque lay yawning at our feet, and everyone helped

himself. The boatmen chewed away solemnly, as though they were masticating quids of tobacco, each man falling to with a huge clasp-knife; that doubtless communicated a distinct flavour of tarred hemp to whatever the blade came in contact with. Indeed, they cut up their victuals as they might cut up tobacco; working at it with extended arms and backward-leaning posture, putting bits of the food together as though to fit their mouths, and then whipping the morsel on the tips of their knives through their leathery lips with a slow chew, chew of their under-jaws that made one think of a cow busy with the cud. Their leisurely behaviour carried me in imagination to the English sea-side; for these were the sort of men who, swift as might be their movements in an hour of necessity, were the most loafing of loungers in times of idleness—men who could not stand upright, who polished the hardest granite by constant friction with their farnought trousers, but who were yet the fittest central objects imaginable for that prospect of golden sand, of calm blue sea, of marble-white pier and terraces of cliff lifting their summits of sloping green high into the sweet clear atmosphere, which one has in mind when one thinks of the holiday coast of the old home.

The man named Thomas, having cooked the breakfast, had taken the helm, but the obligation of steering did not interfere with his eating. In fact, I observed that he steered with the small of his back, helping the helm now and again by a slight touch of the tiller with his elbow, while he fell to on the plate upon his knee. For my part, I was as hungry as a wolf, and fed heartily, as the old voyagers would have said. Helga, too, did very well; indeed, her grief had half starved her, and mighty glad was I to see this fair and dainty little heart of oak making a meal, for it was a good assurance in its way that she was fighting with her sorrow and was beginning to look at the future without the bitter sadness that was in her gaze yesterday.

But while we sat eating and chatting, the wind continued to slowly freshen; the fore-sheet had tautened to the rigidity of iron, and now and again the lugger made a plunge that would send a bright mass of white water rolling away from either bow. The wind, however, was almost over the stern, and we bowled along before it on a level keel, save when some scend of sea, lifting her under the quarter, threw the little fabric along with a slanting mast and a sharper drum-like rolling out of the heart of the distended canvas as the lugger recovered herself with a saucy swing to starboard.

"Who says we ain't going to reach Australey?" exclaimed Abraham, pulling out a short pipe and filling it, with a slow satisfied grin at the yeasty dazzle over the lee rail to which the eye, fastened upon it, was stooped at times so close

that the brain seemed to dance to the wild and brilliant gyrations of the milky race.

"A strange fancy," said I, "for a man to buy a Deal lugger for Sydney Bay!"

"If it warn't for strange fancies," said Thomas, with a sour glance, "it 'ud be a poor look-out for the likes of such as me."

"Tell ye what I'm a-going to miss in this here ramble," exclaimed Jacob. "That's beer, mates."

"Beer 'll come the sweeter for the want of it," said Abraham, with a sympathetic face. "Still, I most say, when a man feels down there's nothin' like a point o' beer."

"What's drunk in your country, Mum?" said Jacob.

"Everything that you drink in England," Helga answered. "But I allow," grunted Thomas, fixing a morose eye upon the horizon, "that the Scandinavians, as the Danes and likewise the Swedes along with other nations, includin' of the Roosians, is called, ben't so particular in the matter o' drink as the English, to say nothen' o' Dealmen. Whoy," he added, with a voice of contempt, "they're often content to do without it. Capt'ns and owners know that. The Scandinavian fancies is so cheap that you may fill your fo'k'sle with twenty sailors on terms that 'ud starve six Englishmen."

"The Danes are good sailors," said Helga, looking at him, "and they are the better sailors because they are a sober people."

"I've got nothen' to say agin 'em as sailors," retorted Thomas; "but they ships too cheap, Mum—they ships too cheap."

"They will take what an Englishman will take!" exclaimed Helga, with a little sparkle in her eye.

"So they will, Mum—so they will!" exclaimed Abraham, soothingly. "The Dane's a fust-class sailor and a temperate man, and when Tommy there 'll give me an opportunity of saying as much for him I 'll proclaim it."

I was standing up, peering round the sea for perhaps the tenth time that morning, when, happening to have my eyes directed astern, as the lugger ran in one of her graceful, buoyant, soaring launches to the summit of a little surge—for the freshening of the wind had already set the water running in heaps, noticeable even now for weight and velocity aboard that open craft of eighteen tons, though from the height of a big ship the seas would have been no more than a pleasant wrinkling of the northerly swell—I say, happening to look astern at that moment, I caught sight of a flake of white poised starlike over the rim of the ocean. The lugger sank, then rose again, and again I spied that bland, moonlike point of canvas.



"A sail!" said I, "but unhappily in chase of us. Always, in such times as these, whatever shows shows at the wrong end."

Abraham stood up to look, saw the object, and seated himself in silence.

"How are you heading the lugger?" cried I.

"Sou'-sou'-west," he answered.

"What course have you determined on?" said I, anxious to gather from the character of his navigation what might be our chances of falling in with the homeward-bounders.

"Why, keep on heading as we go," he answered, "till we strike the south-east trades, which are to be met with a-blowing at about two-and-twenty degrees north; then bring the Airly Marn to about south. When the hequator's crossed," continued he, smoking, with his head well sunk between his coat collars, "we strikes off to the west'ard again for the hisland of Trinidad—not to soight it; but when we gits into its latitude we sturboards for the south-east trades and goes away for the Cape o' Good Hope. Are ye anything of a navigator yourself?"

"No," I answered, which was true enough, though I was not so wholly ignorant of the art of conducting a ship from one place to another as not to listen with the utmost degree of astonishment to this simple boatman's programme of the voyage to Australia.

He whipped open the same locker from which he had taken the rough foiled articles, and extracted a little blue-backed track-chart of the world, which he opened and laid across his knees.

"I suppose ye can read, Sir?" said he, not at all designing to be offensive, as was readily gatherable from his countenance, merely putting the question, as I easily saw, out of his experience of the culture of Deal beach.

Helga laughed.

"Yes, I can read a little," said I.

"Well, then," said he, laying a twisted stump of thumb upon the chart, "here's the whole blooming voyage wrote down by Capt'n Israel Brown of the 'Turk's Head,' a vessel that was in the Downs when my mates and me agreed for to undertake this job. He took me into his cabin, and pulling out this here chart he marked these lines as you see down upon it. 'There, Abraham!' he says, says he; 'you steer according to these here directions, and your lugger 'll hit Sydney Bay like threading a needle.'"

I looked at the chart, and discovered that the course marked upon it would carry the lugger to the westward of Madeira. It was not suggested by the indications that any port was to be touched at, or, indeed, any land to be made until Table Bay was reached. The two men, Jacob and Tommy, were eyeing me eagerly, as though thirsting for an argument. This determined me not to hazard any criticism. I merely said—

"I understood from you, I think, that you depend upon ships supplying you with your wants."

Abraham responded with an emphatic nod.

Well, thought I, I suppose the fellows know what they are about; but in the face of that chart I could not but feel mightily thankful that Helga and I stood the chance of being transhipped long before experience should have taught the men that charity was as little to be depended upon at sea as ashore. They talked of five months, and even of six in making the run, and who was to question such a possibility when the distance, the size of the boat, the vast areas of furious tempest and of rotting calm which lay ahead were considered? The mere notion of the sense of profound tediousness, of sickening wearisomeness which must speedily come, sent a shudder through me when I looked at the open craft whose length might have been measured by an active jumper in a couple of bounds, in which there was no space for walking, and for the matter of that not very much room for moving, what with the contiguity of the thwarts and the incumbrances of lockers, spare masts and oars, the pump, the stove, the little deck forward, the boat, and the rest of the furniture.

I asked Abraham how they managed in the matter of keeping a look-out.

"One tams in for four hours, and t'other two keep the watch, one a-steering for two hours and the other relieving him arterwards."

"That gives you eight hours on deck and four hours sleep," said Helga.

"Quite right, Mum."

"Eight hours of deck is too much," she cried; "there should have been four of you. Then it would have been watch and watch."

"Ay, and another share to bring down oun," exclaimed Thomas.

"Mr. Abraham," said Helga, "Mr. Tregarthen has told you that I can steer. I promise you that while I am at the helm the lugger's course shall be as true as a hair, as you sailors say. I can also keep a look-out. Many and many a time have I kept watch on board my father's ship. While we are with you, you must let me make one of your crew."

"I, too, am reckoned a middling hand at the helm," said I; "so while we are here there will be five of us to do the lugger's work."

Abraham looked at the girl admiringly.

"You're werry good, lady," he said; "I don't doubt your willingness. On board a ship I shouldn't doubt your capacity; but the handling of these here luggers is a job as needs the eddication of years. Us Deal boatmen are born into the work, and them as ain't commonly perish when they tries their hand at it."

"Sides, it's a long voyage," growled Thomas, "and if more shares is to be made of it I'm for going home."

"You're always a-thinking of the shares, Tommy," cried Abraham; "the gent and the lady means nothing but kindness. No, Mum, thanking you all the same," continued he, giving Helga an ungainly but respectful sea bow. "You're shipwrecked passengers, and our duty is to put ye in the way of getting home. That's what you expect of us; and what we expect of you is that you'll make your minds easy and keep comfortable until ye leave us."

I thanked him warmly, and then stood up to take another look at the vessel that was overhauling us astern. She was rising fast, already dashing the sky past the blue ridges of the ocean with a broad gleam of canvas.

"Helga," said I, softly, "there is a large ship rapidly coming up astern. Shall we ask these men to put us aboard her?"

She fastened her pretty blue eyes thoughtfully upon me.

"She is not going home, Hugh."

"No, nor is the lugger. That ship should make us a more comfortable home than this little craft until we can get aboard another vessel."

She continued to eye me thoughtfully, and then said, "This lugger will give us a better chance of getting home quickly than that ship. These men will run down to a vessel or even chase one to oblige us and to get rid of us; but a ship like that," said she, looking astern, "is always in a hurry when the wind blows, and is rarely very willing to back her topsail. And then think what a swift ship she must be, to judge from her manner of overtaking us! The swifter, the

worse for us, Hugh—I mean, the farther you will be carried away from your home."

She met my eyes with a faint, wistful smile upon her face, as though she feared I would think her forward.

"You are right, Helga," said I. "You are every inch a sailor. We will stick to the lugger."

Abraham went forward to lie down, after instructing Jacob to arouse him at a quarter before noon, that he might shoot the sun. Thomas sat with a sulkily countenance at the helm, and Jacob overhung the rail close against the foresheet, his chin upon his hairy wrist, and his gaze levelled at the horizon after the mechanical fashion of the 'longshoreman adloaf. At intervals the wind continued to freshen in small "guns," to use the expressive old term—in little blasts or shocks of squall, which flashed with a shriek into the concavity of the lug, leaving the wind steady again but stronger, with a higher tone in the moan of it above and a stormier boiling of the waters round about the lugger, that seemed to be swirling along as though a comet had got her in tow, though this sense of speed was no doubt sharpened by the closeness of the hissing white waters to the rail. Yet shortly after ten o'clock the ship astern had risen to her water-line and was picking us up as though, forsooth, we were riding to a sea-anchor.

A nobler ocean picture never delighted a landsman's vision. The snow-white spires of the oncoming ship swayed with solemn and stately motions to the underrun of the quartering sea. She had studding-sails out to starboard, one mounting to another in a very pyramid of soft milky cloths, and her wings of jibs, almost becalmed, floated airily from masthead to bowsprit and jibboom-end like symmetric fragments of fleecy cloud rent from the stately mass of fabric that soared behind them brilliant in the flashing sunshine. Each time our lugger was hove upwards I would spy the dazzling smother of the foam, which the shearing cutwater of the clipper, driven by a power greater than steam, was piling to the hawse-pipes, even to the very burying of the fore-castle-head to some of the majestic structure's curseys.

Helga watched her with clasped hands and parted lips and glowing blue eyes full of spirit and delight. The glorious sea-piece seemed to suspend memory in her: all look of grief was gone out of her face, her very being appeared to have bleit itself with that windy, flying, triumphant oceanic show, and her looks of elation, the abandonment of herself to the impulse and the spirit of what she viewed, assured me that if ever old Ocean owned a daughter its child was the pale, blue-eyed, yellow-haired maiden who sat with rapt gaze and swift respiration at my side.

Jacob, who had been eyeing the ship listlessly, suddenly started into an air of life and astonishment.

"Who, Tommy," cried he, grasping the rail and staring over the stern out of his hunched shoulders, "pisen me, mate, if she ain't the Thermoppilly!"

Thomas slowly and sulkily turned his chin upon his shoulder, and, after a short stare, put his back again on the ship, and said: "Yes, that's the Thermoppilly right enough!"

"The Thermoppilly?" said I. "Do you mean the famous Aberdeen clipper?"

"Ay," cried Jacob, "that's her! Ain't she a beauty? My oye, what a run! What's a-going to touch her? Look at them mastheads! Tall enough to foul the stars, Tommy, and de-range the blooming solar system."

He beat his thigh in his enjoyment of the sight, and continued to deliver himself of a number of nautical observations expressive of his admiration and of the merits of the approaching vessel.

She had slightly shifted her helm, as I might take it to have a look at us, and would pass us close. The thunder of the wind in her towering heights came along to our ears in the sweep of the air in a low continuous note of thunder. You could hear the boiling of the water bursting and pouring from her bows: her copper gleamed to every starboard roll on the white peaks of the sea along her bends in dull flashes as of a stormy sunset, with a frequent starlike sparkling about her from brass or glass. How swiftly she was passing us I could not have imagined until she was on our quarter, and then abreast of us—so close that I could distinguish the face of a man standing aft looking at us, of the fellow at the wheel, of a man at the break of the short poop singing out orders in a voice whose every syllable rang clearly to our hearing. A crowd of seamen were engaged in getting in the lower studding sail, and this great sail went melting out against the hard mottled-blue of the sky as the clipper stormed past.

Jacob sprang on to a thwart, and, in an ecstasy of greeting that made a very windmill of his arms, shrieked rather than roared out, "How d'ye do, Sir?—how d'ye do, Sir? How are ye, Sir? Glad to see ye, Sir!"

The man that he addressed stared a moment, and hastily withdrew, and returned with a binocular glass, which he levelled at us for a moment, then flourished his hand.

"What are you doing down here, Jacob?" he bawled.

"Going to Australay!" shouted Jacob.

"Where?" roared the other.

"To Sydney, New South Vales!" shouted Jacob.

The man, who was probably the captain, put his finger against his nose and wagged his head; but further speech was no longer possible.

"He don't believe us!" roared Jacob to his mate, and forthwith fell to making twenty extravagant gestures towards the ship in notification of his sincerity.

The wonderful squareness of the ship's canvas stole out as she gave us her stern, with the foam of her wake rushing from under the counter like to the dazzling backwash of a huge paddle-wheel, and she seemed to fill the south-west heaven with her cloths, so high and broad did those complicated pinions, soaring to the trucks, look to us from the low seat of the bunding and sputtering lugger.

"Lord now!" cried Jacob, "if she'd only give us the end of a tow-rope!"

"Yes," said I, gazing with admiration at the beautiful figure of the ship rapidly forging ahead, and already diminishing into an exquisite daintiness and delicacy of shape and tint, "you would not, in that case, have to talk of five and six months to Australia."

At a quarter before twelve she was the merest toy ahead, just a glance of mother-of-pearl upon the horizon; but by this hour it was blowing a strong breeze of wind, and when Abraham came out of the fore-peak he called to Jacob, and between them they eased up the fore-halliards and hooked the sheet to the second staken—in other words, to a sort of cringle or loop, of which there were four; then, having knotted the reef points, Abraham came aft to seek for the sun.

My humour was not a little pensive, for the sea that was now running was a verification of the boatman's words to me, and I could not keep my thoughts away from what must have happened to Helga and me had we not been mercifully taken off the raft. The lugger rose buoyantly to each flickering, seething head; but, spite of my life-boat experiences, I could not help watching with a certain anxiety the headlong rush of foam to her counter, nor could I feel the wild, ball-like toss the strong Atlantic surge would give to our egg-shell of a boat without misgiving as to the sort of weather she was likely

to make should such another storm as had foundered the Anine come down upon the ocean. I was also vexed to the heart by the speed at which we were driving, and by the assurance, I was seafarer enough to understand, that in such a lump of a sea as was now running there would be a very small probability indeed of our being able to board, or even to get alongside of, a homeward-bounder though twenty vessels, close-hauled for England, should travel past us in an hour. How far were we to be transported into this great ocean before the luck of the sea should put us in the way of returning home? These were considerations to greatly subdue my spirits; and there was also the horror that memory brought when I glanced at the sweeping headlong waters and thought of the raft.

I looked at Helga; her eyes were slowly sweeping the horizon, and on their coming to mine the tender blue of them seemed to darken to a gentle smile. Whatever her heart might be thinking of, assuredly no trace of the misgivings which were worrying me were discernible in her. The shadow of the grief that had been upon her face during the morning had returned with the passing away of the life the noble picture of the ship had kindled in her; but there was nothing in it to weaken in her lineaments their characteristic expression of firmness and resolution and spirit. Her tremorless lips lay parted to the sweep of the wind; her admirable little figure yielded to the bounding, often violent, jerking motions of the lugger with the grace of a consummate horsewoman who is one with the brave, swift creature she rides: her short yellow hair trembled under the dark velvet-like skin of her turban-shaped hat, as though each gust raised a showering of gold-dust about her neck and cheeks.

Yet I believe had I been under sentence of death I must have laughed outright at the spectacle of Abraham bobbing at the sun with an old-fashioned quadrant that might well have been in use for forty years. He stood up on straddled legs with the aged instrument at his eye, mopping and mowing at the luminary in the south, and biting hard in his puzzlement and efforts at a piece of tobacco that stood out in his cheeks like a knob.

"He's a blazing long time in making height bells, hain't he, to-day?" said Jacob, addressing Abraham, and referring to the sun.

"He's all right," answered Abraham, talking with his eye at the little telescope. "You leave him to me, mate; keep you quiet, and I'll be telling you what o'clock it is presently."

Helga turned her head to conceal her face, and, indeed, no countenance more comical than Abraham's could be imagined, what with the mastication of his jaws, which kept his ears and the muscles of his forehead moving, and what with the intensity of the screwed-up expression of his closed eye and the slow wagging of his beard, like the tail of a pigeon newly alighted.

"Height bells!" he suddenly roared in a voice of triumph, at the same time whipping out a huge silver watch, at which he stared for some moments, holding the watch out at arm's-length as though time was not to be very easily read. "Blowed if it be n't much more than eleven o'clock at Deal," he cried. "Only fancy being able to make or lose time as ye loike! Werry useful ashore, Sir, that 'ud be, 'ticularly when you've got a bill a-falling doo."

He then seated himself in the stern-sheets, and, producing a small book and a lead-pencil from the locker, went to work to calculate his latitude. It was a very rough, ready, and primitive sort of reckoning. He eyed the paper with a knowing face, often scratching the hair over his ear and looking up at the sky with counting lips; then, being satisfied, he administered a nod all round, took out his chart, and, having made a mark upon it, exclaimed, while he returned it to the locker, "There, that job's over till twelve o'clock to-morrow." This said, he extracted a log-book that already looked as though it had been twice round the world, together with a little penny bottle of ink and a pen, and, with the book open upon his knee, forthwith entered the latitude (as he made it) in the column ruled for that purpose; but I could not see that he made any attempt even at guessing at his longitude, though I noticed that he wrote down the speed of his little craft, which he obtained—and I dare say as correctly as if he had hove the log—by casting his eye over the side.

"How d'ye spell Thermoppilly?" said he, addressing us generally.

I told him.

"Just want to state here that we sighted her, that's all," said he; "this here space with 'Observations' wrote atop has got to be filled up, I suppose! At about wun o'clock this marning," he exclaimed, speaking very slowly and writing as he spoke, "fell in with a raft—how's raft spelt, master? two r's?"—I spelt the word for him.—"Thank'ee! Fell in with a raft, and took off a lady and gent. There, that'll be the noose for twenty-four hours! Now let's go to dinner."

This midday meal was composed of a piece of corned beef, some ship's biscuit, and cheese. I might have found a better appetite had there been less wind, and had the boat's head been pointed the other way. All the time now the lugger was swarming through it at the rate of steam. There was already a strong sea running too, the storminess of which we should have felt had we had it on the bow; but our arrowy speeding before it softened the fierceness of its sweeping hurls, and the wind for the same reason came with half the weight it really had, though we must have been reefed down to a mere strip of canvas had we been close-hauled. The sun shone with a dim and windy light out of the sky that was hard with a picbalding of cloud.

"What is the weather going to prove?" I asked Abraham.

He munched leisurely, with a slow look to windward, and answered, "Tain't going to be worse nor ye see it."

"Have you a barometer?" said I.

"No," he answered; "they're no good. -In a boat arter this here pattern what's the use of knowing what's a-going to come? It's only a-letting go a rope an' you're under bare poles. Mercury's all very well in a big ship, where ye may be taken aback clean out o' the sky, and lose every spar down to the stumps of the lower masts."

Though I constantly kept a look-out, sending my eyes roaming over either bow past the smooth and foaming curves of seas rushing ahead of us, I was very sensible, as I have said, that nothing was to be done in such hollow waters as we were now rushing through, though we should sight a score of homeward-bounders. Yet, spite of the wonderful life that strong northerly wind swept into the ocean, nothing whatever showed during the rest of the day, if I except a single tip of canvas that hovered for about a quarter of an hour some two or three leagues down in the east like a little wreath of mountain mist. The incessant pouring of the wind past the ear, the shouting and whistling of it as it flashed spray-loaded off each foaming peak in chase of us, grew inexpressibly sickening and wearying to me, coming as it did after our long exposure to the fierce weather of the earlier days. The thwarts or lockers brought our heads above the line of the gunwale, and to remedy this I asked leave to drag a spare sail aft into the bottom of the boat, and there Helga and I sat, somewhat sheltered at least, and capable of conversing without being obliged to cry out.

{To be continued.}



## LITERATURE.

## THE CAMBRIDGE SHAKESPEARE.

BY F. J. FURNIVALL.

*The Works of William Shakespeare.* Edited by William Aldis Wright. In nine volumes. Vol. I. (Macmillan and Co. 1891.)—Since the appearance of its first volume, in 1863, the Cambridge Shakespeare has justly had a very high reputation among close students of Shakespeare's text. It has never appealed to those readers of the poet who want help in the study of his development, his surroundings, and the comparison of his style in his different periods, for with none of these things is it concerned. It deals with the poet's text only. So, though I was greatly amused, I was not surprised to hear lately from a cultivated Englishwoman in Odessa that the Russian ladies there like best the Leopold Shakespeare, to which I wrote an Introduction some sixteen years ago. They like it because it tells them the order in which the plays and poems were produced, and aids them in forming a conception of the growth of the mind which created the wonderful series of dramas, from the young man's "Love's Labour's Lost" to the ripe artist's "Winter's Tale." It prevents the puzzlement which must follow from reading as Shakespeare's first work the mature "Tempest," of his fourth period; then the "Two Gentlemen," of his first period; then the "Merry Wives," of his second; then "Measure for Measure" (after "Hamlet"), of his third; and then, again, the "Comedy of Errors," of his first—his unshaped prime and so on. Such is the higgledy-piggledy order of the first folio which the Cambridge and so many other editions of Shakespeare follow, and which utterly fogs the beginner.

But when from other books the student has got a correct view of the growth of Shakespeare's mind and art, and settles down to the details of his text, no book is more helpful than the Cambridge Shakespeare; for its text is, in the main, sound, and it registers all the variations of the second, third, and fourth folios, of all the quartos of such plays as appeared in quarto in or after Shakespeare's life, and all emendations since made or suggested. Alas! in looking through its footnotes, one sees not only one's own failures, long ago repented of, but all the lamentable guesses of men whom one has cursed so fervently from time to time for their attempts to chase the native beauty from the Swan of Avon's song. The recording angel, in the form of the Vice-Master of Trinity, has jotted down all these sins, and his record often makes one shudder. Still, among his items are all the needful and accepted corrections of the scribes and printers who blundered Shakespeare's text, and many ingenious suggestions for those editors who prefer Shakespeare adulterated by emenders' fancies, to Shakespeare pure—that is, as pure as we can expect to get him.

A glance at any page of the new edition shows how largely Mr. Aldis Wright has increased his footnotes. There are twenty-nine new lines of such notes to the first nine lines of "Measure for Measure." He has also added to and modified the notes at the end of the plays. In "The Tempest" is a new note XII. The old note-numbers XII. and XIII. are rightly altered, but XIV. to XVIII. are wrongly left as they were. Note XVII., p. 99, declares the Masque and its connecting and following lines, IV. i. 60-147, spurious, so that the Shakespearean "You do look, my son, in a moved sort" is held not genuine. Surely some notice and justification of this should have been given in the general preface, or a separate introduction to the play. In "The Tempest," V. i. 309—

Where I have hope to see the nuptial  
Of these our dear beloved solemnised

comes in one evil of that modernisation of spelling which is falsification. Every reader of to-day will read this as "belov'd solemnised," whereas, when he has done this, he is referred in the footnote to Note XVIII., that is, XIX., and there he learns that the folio spelling "belov'd" indicates the probable rhythm of the verse, so that he must alter his modern "solemnised" into the Elizabethan "solém-niz-ed." Why not, then, have printed it so in the text? Why let "the general rule we have adopted with regard to the participles of verbs ending in 'e'" bore the student into reading the line wrong, then refer him to the footnote, and the endnote, and then at last set him right with "belov'd solém-niz-ed"?

Another point in which modernisation has led the editor to destroy Shakespeare's peculiarities is that of grammar. He starts at p. xv. of the preface, with the scholarly maxim that it is not his "task to improve the poet's grammar," and correct, for instance, the Northern plurals in "s" which had, no doubt, strayed into the Midland poet's talk and writing. Yet to the very first scene we find a note which shows that the path of virtue was too hard for our editor to tread. In "The Tempest," I. i. 15, 16, "What cares these roarers for name of King?" he acknowledges "that this grammatical inaccuracy probably came from Shakespeare's pen," yet in other examples he adds: "We correct it in those passages where the occurrence of a vulgarism would be likely to annoy the reader." Very considerate, no doubt; but what of the facts of Shakespearean grammar? "They're of no consequence," we suppose, as Mr. Toots says.

As to emendations, they are matters of opinion. But I regret that Mr. Wright has introduced the two half-lines of dots in "Measure for Measure," II. i. 8, 9. Had he left the folio comma after "that," and allowed it to be what Shakespeare evidently meant it for—an emphatic pronoun for "My strength" (with or without the Duke's "commission") in the line above, he would have got a sufficient sense for the passage. In "The Tempest," III. i. 15, I hold that *busiliest* is the best emendation for the folio "busie lest," for the singular *it* which follows can well stand for and refer to the plural "labours," as is shown by an instance in Minshew's "Spanish Dialogues," 1599—"Succors or lendings which they give souldiers when there is no paie; and when the paie comes, they take *it* [the succors or lendings] off," p. 59, in margin—and others elsewhere.

But all these are small points. We hail the new issue of the Cambridge Shakespeare with pleasure; we recognise the admirable and careful work that Mr. Aldis Wright has bestowed upon it; and we congratulate him on being alive and well to produce the revised edition of this famous work, which he and his friends have made an absolute necessity to every earnest student of Shakespeare's text.

## MAJOR CASATI IN CENTRAL AFRICA.

*Ten Years in Equatoria, and the Return with Emin Pasha.* By Major Gaetano Casati. Translated by the Hon. Mrs. Randolph Clay. Two vols. (F. Warne and Co.)—Books setting forth, in different points of view, one portion and another of the complicated history of Mr. Stanley's expedition to Lake Albert Nyanza, Emin Pasha's troubles with the revolted Soudanese Egyptian garrisons on the Upper Nile, the miseries of Stanley's rear column on the Aruwimi, and the behaviour of its officers, have made large demands on our time and space. But we cannot deny the claim of this narrative to its due share of attention. Major, then Captain, Casati, of the Italian Army, resided from 1880 to 1889 in the Equatorial Soudan, serving first under his countryman Gessi Pasha and latterly under the German Dr. Emin Pasha, in military and administrative functions. He travelled much, ascending the Bahr-el-Ghazal, and sojourning at many places little known, in the Dinka, Sandeh, Niam-Niam, and Mombutto or Mambetta countries, west of the Upper Nile, north of the Congo and the Aruwimi, a region already explored by Dr. Junker and others. The chapters describing these parts and their inhabitants are of some value to students of African geography and ethnology, especially with regard to the basin of the great Makua or Welle River, the most northerly affluent of the Congo. It is much to be regretted that Mr. Stanley, when he determined to approach the Upper Nile, or the Albert Nyanza, from the Congo instead of from the east coast, did not choose this more open and easy path, instead of plunging into the unknown forest of the Aruwimi route. But the adoption of the very worst possible course, against the advice of all who knew that part of East Central Africa, which Mr. Stanley did not, has been sufficiently explained. The British managers of the Emin Pasha Relief Expedition were the promoters of the British East Africa Company, and turned this opportunity to account, through Mr. Stanley's agency, not only by obtaining a cession of coast territory from the Sultan of Zanzibar, but also through an arrangement with Tippoo Tib, the great slave-trader and conqueror of the Upper Congo, who from Stanley Falls commanded all to the south of the Aruwimi.

Major Casati's testimony is chiefly important with regard to the actual situation of Emin Pasha, and may be taken in connection with the narrative already published by Mr. Mounteney Jephson, who was appointed by Mr. Stanley to accompany Emin Pasha in his visits to the Egyptian garrisons on the Upper Nile. Emin's intention had naturally been to



ELEPHANTS DISTURBED BY THE STEAMER'S WHISTLE ON THE  
BAHR-EL-GHAZAL.

From *Ten Years in Equatorial Africa*, by Major Casati.

withdraw these, at the command of the Egyptian Government, by the direct ordinary route to the east coast, through Unyoro and Uganda to Lake Victoria Nyanza, as he had sent word by Dr. Junker. He wanted money, clothing, and ammunition; but he did not want Mr. Stanley to protect him. Casati was sent to Unyoro, therefore, to negotiate with the King, whose proper name is Chua, but whom all other travellers have called Kabba Regga, to persuade him to make peace with Mwanga, the young King of Uganda, and to give Emin an open road to the south-east. We have heard of the abominable treachery and cruelty practised by the King of Unyoro; how Casati was treated as an enemy, a spy and traitor, robbed and stripped and tied up to a tree, his life savagely threatened, his friends and servants murdered; and how he escaped, in an utterly destitute plight, suffering many hardships, exposed to fierce menaces and insults, finally reaching the banks of the Nile. Emin received the fugitive, his own officer, who had undergone many fatigues and perils in seven months' absence to January 1888, with some unkindness and injustice, reproaching him for not having conducted the negotiations discreetly. Casati, on his part, strongly disapproves of the feebleness and fitfulness of Emin Pasha's military rule; he thinks the Soudanese mutineers had some grounds for complaint. We have no doubt that General Gordon, if he had been living then and there, would have kept them loyal and obedient; but Emin's want of control over them was partly due to long arrears of pay. While his beneficent civil administration had won the attachment of the natives, the soldiery, being aliens, lost their respect for a commander who had been five years out off from the Government he represented. They preferred staying in a land where they lived at free quarters to what seemed the impracticable and deceptive proposal of returning to Egypt by a long march through hostile countries to the sea-coast. This disposition, as Casati shows, was fatally aggravated by the untoward effect of Mr. Stanley's offer to place Emin Pasha on the shore of the Victoria Nyanza as governor for the British East Africa Company, to whom the reversion of the Nile province was to be transferred. Emin's conversations with Casati at the time, on page 161 of the second volume, confirm the fact that Mr. Stanley also presented to Emin the alternative of annexing his province to the Congo Free State.

Major Casati's book, which Mrs. Randolph Clay, assisted by Mr. Walter Savage Landor, has translated from the Italian manuscript, contains many original descriptions and observations, in the first volume, both of the countries west of the Upper Nile and of their human inhabitants, and the various species of wild animals found there. It is adorned with above a hundred and fifty illustrations, some of which are printed in colours, full of life and spirit.

## LITERARY GOSSIP.

Zola's "L'Argent" is undoubtedly the book of the month in France. First published in the *Gil Blas* as a feuilleton, it appeared in volume form on March 6, and is already provoking considerable comment in Parisian Stock Exchange circles, one or two well-known boursiers being said to figure, not too flatteringly and disguised but thinly, in its pages. The author himself declares that "L'Argent" ought to count among the most truly realistic of his works, for he has given two years to careful study of the various modern forms of money-making, and money-losing, extant, yet the story itself is somewhat antedated. His researches have apparently led him to form the worst opinion of the political-financial world; indeed, as a study of sordid calculating existences, "L'Argent" gives us but *une triste idée* of humanity as such. As far as outward form is concerned, M. Zola's latest work might almost have been written by Balzac, and Mr. Vizetelly will be quite safe when presenting "Filthy Lucre" to the English public. Unfortunately the author of "La Faute de l'Abbé Mouret" loses much of his power, and all that composes his fine literary style, in translation. There is already some talk of dramatising "L'Argent," but Zola has not been successful *au théâtre*, and is unwilling to renew the experiment.

Some years ago Guy de Maupassant brought out a volume of short stories entitled "Clair de Lune." Among its contents was a short pathetic study of modern life, "L'Enfant," which contained the germs of "Musotte," the admirable comi-tragedy just now being acted at the Paris Gymnase, and bidding fair to rival the success scored by "The Ironmaster" some years ago at the same theatre. M. de Maupassant always declared that a man must give up story-writing for three clear years before he could become a good dramatist. And it was in vain that Jules Claretie held wide open the door of the Théâtre Français. Suddenly Jacques Normand, a worthy novelist, dramatist, journalist, unknown till yesterday, fashioned a three-act play from "L'Enfant," brought it to the astonished author, and so charmed him by showing him himself that now De Maupassant's name figures as part author in M. Normand's play, and, *malgré lui*, the writer of "Bel-Ami" has become a successful playwright!

Guy de Maupassant has a striking personality, and looks more what he really is than do most of his contemporaries. He has a great dislike to so-called literary society, seldom or never mentions his works—resembling, in that particular, Pierre Loti—and has but one passion, that of yachting in season and out of season. Strange that those delicate analytical studies of French provincial and rural life should be conceived in such dissimilar surroundings! Flaubert was his master; and, though his short stories show little signs of it, every line of his work is as carefully written and rewritten in manuscript as was "Mme. Bovary" or "Salambo"; but nothing is ever altered in proof.

Mr. George Moore engages our attention at once with his new book, "Impressions and Opinions" (David Nutt). Few English writers have written about Balzac, and still fewer have written with effect. Mr. Moore passes from the stories which are everywhere accepted as great, from "Père Goriot" and "La Peau de Chagrin," "Eugénie Grandet" and "La Cousine Bette," to some small and less-known romances which he thinks would of themselves have sufficed to immortalise their author. "To me," he says, "there is more wisdom and more divine imagination in Balzac than in any other writer." Other essays treat of Turguenoff, Zola's "Le Rêve," "Mummer-Worship," and "An English Théâtre Libre." The very titles of these essays will secure them readers, some sympathetic, some antagonistic.

It is said that another royal personage is going to be added to the list of noble authors. Princess Mathilde Bonaparte, who has been the faithful friend of so many men and women of genius, is seriously thinking of publishing her souvenirs and a part of the interesting correspondence she held at various times with Saint-Benve, the De Goncourts, Emile Augier, &c. These "Souvenirs d'une Princesse" should prove, indeed, delightful reading for those who care to know something of literary and artistic Paris during the last thirty years. Napoleon III. trusted her judgment implicitly, and would sometimes say, with his slow, rare smile, "Mathilde est l'homme de la famille." It was owing to her energetic intervention that the right of censorship was so rarely exercised during the Empire. In her *salon* men of every shade of political and literary opinion met—Alexandre Dumas  *fils*, Edmond de Goncourt, who is met nowhere else; Madeline Lemaire, the painter; Paul Bourget, and Père Didon.

What a sweet and exquisite pathos Mr. Bret Harte has always at command! Here are some more of his short stories in volume form: "A Sappho of Green Springs, and Other Tales" (Chatto and Windus) contains four stories, the "other tales" being "The Châtelaine of Burnt Ridge," "Through the Santa Clara Wheat," and "A Macenas of the Pacific Slope." "A Sappho of Green Springs" and "The Châtelaine of Burnt Ridge" may be counted among the best of Mr. Bret Harte's later writings.

The system of publishing books whose retail prices are specified by the publisher as nett has failed, for the present at any rate. This was quite expected. Sir Edwin Arnold's new book, "The Light of the World," is advertised as selling at 7s. 6d. nett, and a slip is inserted in each copy by the publishers to the effect that the book is supplied to the booksellers on such terms as preclude a discount being given to the retail purchaser. In spite of this, the public are being supplied by at least one bookseller at a lower price, and in self-defence others are following his example.

Lord Campbell expressed the opinion, more than thirty years ago, that an association of publishers who proposed to refuse to supply certain booksellers with books on the ground that they undersold was an illegal combination. It is quite open to argument if this is good law now, and, in fact, a recent decision of Lord Esher in the matter of a combination of certain mineral-water manufacturers is in direct contradiction to it. There is a great difference between a combination of producers for the purpose of keeping up the price of an article, and an illegal "boycott" or an immoral "corner," and it seems a pity that the well-meant efforts of certain publishers should have hitherto failed to benefit the retail bookseller, through the "cutting" propensities of one or two individuals.





"SUNBEAMS."

DRAWN BY DAVIDSON KNOWLES.





SIDE VIEW FROM PRIVATE GARDEN.

ROAD TO THE HOUSE.

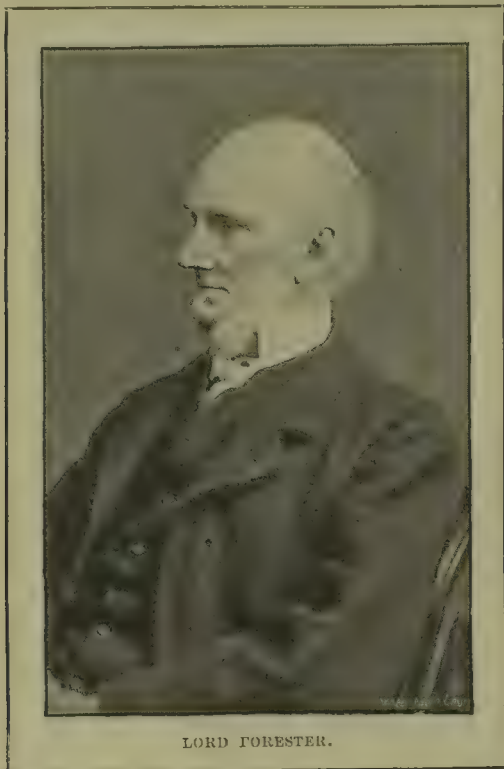


# ENGLISH HOMES.

No. XXVII.

## Willey Park.

**W**ILLEY HALL stands above a little valley, and looks across it, over the tree-tops, at the trees which cover the opposite hill, and which in the days of the Conqueror were the ancient forest of Shirlet. In all the beautiful county of Shropshire, all along the valley of the Severn and the line of hills that is called Wenlock



LORD FORESTER.

Edge—"All round the Wrekin," indeed, as the Shropshire byword goes—there can hardly be a lovelier view than this, from the high terrace into and over the great woods. The horizon is bounded by the dark line of trees upon the high hillside; you stand among flowers upon the valley brink; and all between lies the rich gloomy green of that tree-carpet. Lower still, in the depths of the dale, are quiet, glimmering lakelets, one after another, with their lilies and their silence; but of these you have barely a glimpse, from the garden above. You see only the trees, clothing valley and hillside, and the sky.

No wonder that for such a view, for such a site on the high ground, the first Lord Forester a century ago left the old Hall—only a few hundred yards away, but in the hole, not on the hill—and built himself, up here, a mansion of the fashion of his time, spacious, cheerful, and bright. The new house inherited the traditions of the old; and thus, for the beauty of its surroundings and the interest of its history, is hard to beat. It is wonderful, indeed, how much of the England of the past one learns in studying Willey Hall and its people. An old country house is often said to be a type of its kind; but Willey is a worthy type of half a dozen kinds. It has everything—for the outward picturesqueness perhaps lacking in the new house is amply supplied by the old.

There is a park of extraordinary loveliness; there is a far-reaching, picturesque history of English knights and squires, among whom that Forester comes but midway who had the right to wear his hat in presence of his King; and there is a family hero who is indeed a type, because he was an exception—a hunting squire of vigour so exceptional that, with the roughness and the morals of a Squire Western, he yet led his county at Westminster as in the hunting-field. Moreover, that nothing may be lacking, the house has its ghost—and a famous and characteristic ghost, the wraith of a Willey man, known all over England in song and story: Tom Moody, the whipper-in.

The ascertained history of Willey begins with the coming of the Normans. In 1086 it was a member of the fief held by Turolde de Varley, under Earl Roger de Montgomery, though whether this Turolde were Norman or Saxon has been matter for a dispute—which we will not reopen, except by saying that the account of Willey in Domesday seems rather to imply that its holder was Norman.

"The same Turolde," says the great book, "holds Wilit, and Hunnit of him. This same held it and was free." (Which is interpreted to mean that Hunnit held it in Saxon times, and was then a free man.) "Here half a hide geldable. The arable land is for ii ox teams. Here those teams are, together with ii villains and ii boors. Its value was and is v s."

Turolde—of whom we know little more, except that he granted lands to Shrewsbury Abbey—died before 1121. Robert, his son, who succeeded him, also gave land to the Church. By the end of the twelfth century, we are told, Fitz-Turolde's interest in Willey had passed to Chetwynd, who held of FitzAlan.

Hunnit was one of the Saxons who were here and there permitted to retain an interest in the soil—here, probably, because Turolde had as many as twelve other manors, and was not sorry to have the Saxon in charge of his land. The Normans despised farming; and Hunnit's tenancy was most likely the reason that the value of the land had not gone down since the time of Edward the Confessor, and that it was being cultivated to its full worth when the Domesday account was taken.

Hunnit "seems to have been got rid of," says John Corbet Anderson, rather suggestively, in his "Shropshire"; and after his day it is supposed that one Warnerius, or Warner, became Lord of Willey. At all events, we have, early in the thirteenth century, the dark figure of a successor of his—Warner de "Willeley," said to be the third inheritor from Warnerius, and as pretty a scoundrel as the nineteenth century could show.

Warner became wealthy, as scoundrels often do, and was lucky enough to get in his wife—the daughter of Roger Fitz-Odo—not only a rich heiress but a kindred spirit. The happy pair coveted the land of one of their vassals, and knew that, if this vassal could but for any reason be outlawed, his lands would be forfeit to the lord of the fee. Warner de Willeley was lord of that fee, and promptly set to work to have the poor man convicted of a capital crime. The vassal was arrested; his chattels were sold by the King's bailiff, who was Warner's partner in this precious scheme. The case was tried at the Assizes in November 1221; but, much, no doubt, to the disgust of my Lord and his King's bailiff, the man's innocence was proved, and his opponents were thrown into jail. However, Warner de Willeley was a rich man, and it is a strong prison that can hold such a one. He paid five marks, got clear off, and was soon one of the chief people in Shropshire. What became of the King's bailiff we do not know.

The grandson of this Warner is said to have been a turbulent and desperate personage. He died fighting against his King at the battle of Evesham, and his property was, of course, forfeit to the Crown; but his daughter and heiress, Burga—an infant at the time of his death—redeemed it by a heavy payment. She became the wife of Richard de Harley, and their children inherited the estate—a fine one, though doubly diminished by that affair of Evesham.

For not only did the King claim his forfeit, but the neighbouring Priors of Wenlock seized the opportunity for an increase of their power. Already they "had the seigniorial usual to feudal lords"; and now they got so firm a hold that, a century later, we find a tenant of Willey coming to Wenlock and before many witnesses doing homage and fealty, and acknowledging, by the service of carrying the Lord Prior's frock to Parliament, that he held the land of him.

History has not much to tell us, for a century or so after this, of the owners of Willey; but it would seem, from the first, to have been usually in the hands of men of some importance. About the time of the Warners several of its owners in succession were overseers of the neighbouring forest of Shirlet, whose Royal chase was even then a great hunting-ground, as it remained five centuries later, in the days of Squire Forester and Tom Moody. Nicholas Warner, the son of Warner de Willeley, was one of these overseers, and discharged his duties so badly that he was sued for inattention to them. It would seem, moreover, that his tenants took advantage of this carelessness; for one of them was punished for killing a stag in the King's preserves, on a Sunday in June, six centuries ago.

There have long been Foresters, Forsters, or Fosters of Shropshire; indeed, in such a country the post of forester was an important one, and its holder well content to commemorate it in his name and arms. In all the Shropshire families of this variously spelt name the arms contained the "stringed bugle-horn," still to be seen in the first and fourth quarters of Lord Forester's shield. One Hugh, son of Robert the Forester, on the Pipe Rolls of 1214 "accounts for a hundred marks that he may hold the Bailiwick of the Forest of Salopescire, as his father held it before him." How considerable a sum this was may be judged from the fact that, just seven years after this, Warner de Willeley got his crimes before described condoned on the payment of five marks only.

King John was pleased, however, to remit thirty marks of the said hundred in consideration of the fact that Hugh Forester had obligingly married the niece of John le Strange, at the King's request.

About five-and-twenty years later there is a Hugh FitzRobert, Forester of Salop, among the officers who made a recognition concerning the expedition, or "clawing," of dogs in the lands of Lillieshull Abbey, before the Sheriff of Shropshire and Staffordshire. "Clawing" was the cutting a claw from each foot to stop deer-chasing among errant hounds.

The first Shropshire Forester who probably belonged to the family now in possession at Wenlock was one Robert le Forester of Welynton. On the Hundred Roll of Bradford (in this county) he is found to hold half a virgate of land from the King by the service of keeping the haia of Welynton—the enclosure or park annexed to Wellington. It is interesting to know that Lord Forester still owns the land originally granted for the custody of this Haye of Wellington, including what is now called Hay Gate.

Robert de Wellington's great-great-great-grandson—it is well to be particular in matters of genealogy—was the John Forester whose curious privilege we have already mentioned. Like a grandee of Spain, he was entitled to wear his hat in the presence of his Sovereign—Henry VIII.—and this by a special charter, which is still preserved at Willey. "Forasmuch," says this document, "as we be credibly informed that our trusty and well-beloved John Foster, of Wellington, in the county of Salop, Gentleman, for certain diseases and infirmities which he has on his hede, cannot consequently, without great danger and jeopardy, be discovered of the same. Whereupon we, in consideration thereof, by these presents, licenced hym from henceforth to use and were his bonet on his said hede." Such permissions were not uncommon at the time; at all events, Tottyll, in his "Booke of Presidents," published in 1569, thought it worth while to give a form for a "lycence for a man to keepe on his cappe." In a curious picture of the procession of Henry VIII. to his interview with Francis I., two of the King's six attendants have their hats on, and it has been conjectured that these were Forester and Richard Verney, who had licences.

"Foster" and "Richard Varney"—the variations in the spelling matter little in a time when Shakespeare could not spell his own name—these are names we all know as those of the two villains of Scott's famous novel; and there is no doubt that the Tony Foster of "Kenilworth" was a member of the Evelith Manor branch of this same Forester family. Luckily, however, there is every doubt that he was the villain Sir Walter makes him. The investigation into the death of Amy Robsart, which cleared the character of Leicester, cleared also that of his attached friend, Anthony Forster, the Squire of Cumnor Place; who seems to have lived and died a respected and respectable man, with his seat in Parliament, his glowing epitaph in jingling Latin, and everything handsome about him.

In the days of Tony Foster, however, the Forester family were not the owners of Willey. We find Sir Roland Lacon, a member of an old Roman Catholic family, in possession in 1561; a hundred years later the place belonged to Sir John Weld, whose son George represented the county jointly with William Forester; and it was not till 1734 that these two families were united by the marriage of Brooke Forester with George Weld's daughter Elizabeth, the ancestress of the present family.

Brooke Forester had two sons—George, the famous "Squire," who died unmarried in 1811, and Cecil, whose son succeeded to his uncle's estate, was made a Peer in 1821, and was the father of all the three Peers who since his time have reigned at Willey.

It is not eighty years since the Squire, George Forester, died; but his days and their customs already seem almost as far away as the Crusades. It often happens that the most marked type of a time appears just as that time is passing away for ever; and so we have no country squire of the old fox-hunting school more noted than George Forester, who was alive when men still with us had begun their schooldays.

It was partly, perhaps, the contrast with the new men just arising that made him so noteworthy; for nowhere in England was the new to be seen growing up beside the old more plainly than in this part of Shropshire. A century ago, the manufactures just springing up were here making their greatest progress. Ironbridge, a town hard by, owes its name to the first iron bridge ever made, which was there built across the Severn, to join the villages of Broseley and Madeley. The first iron boat ever floated was made at Willey Furnace, and launched at Willey Wharf. The first iron rails were cast in the parish of Madeley, which is in the borough of Wenlock.

And, while John Wilkinson, called the "great iron-founder," was working hand in hand with Watt and Boulton to bring in the modern age of iron at Willey Works, Squire Forester was keeping up the life of his forefathers at Willey Hall with an astonishing force and virility.

George Forester was by no means a mere fox-hunter: his immense vigour meant strength of mind as well as of body, and, as has been said, it was not only in the hunting-field that he led his country. He sat for Wenlock thirty years in the House of Commons, and kept a keen eye on the wants and interests of "all round the Wrekin": it was he, in the main, who got the sanction of Parliament for that iron bridge between Madeley and Broseley, the type of the time which was to sweep away his own. He, too, was the leading spirit of the neighbourhood when a battalion was formed to resist the expected invasion of Napoleon; and he never raged so furiously as when he heard that John Wilkinson was making the iron of Willey into cannon for the French. This villany, however, Squire Forester soon put a stop to; and his Willey fox-hunters were the life and soul of the gallant little force known as the Wenlock Loyal Volunteers. Their Major was an admirable leader, full of vigour and full of tact, recruiting over half the county, paying more than half their expenses, and even, in his rough-and-ready way, turning orator, and winning all hearts with an eloquence which was anything but Ciceronian. "I told the Lord Lieutenant the other day," said the stout old gentleman, "we must have not less than four or five thousand men in uniform, equipped, every Jack-rag of 'em, without a farthing cost to the country. There are some dastardly devils who run with the hare but hang with the hounds, damn 'em; whose patriotism, by G—d, hangs by such a small strand that I believe the first success of the enemies of the country would sever it!"

Yet, when duty did not come in the form of fighting the French, fox-hunting was undoubtedly the first thought in the Squire's mind, as it made up the whole life of his famous henchman, Tom Moody. The "Bachelor's Hall" of Dibdin's song was Willey Hall, where the song was written; and in his rough verses Dibdin described the Squire, the huntsmen, the



THE ENTRANCE HALL.



horses and dogs, with whom he once stayed, for a long visit, as professional bard and merryman. So heartily did he enjoy his holiday of hunting, singing, and carousing that it was only by a trick that Squire Forester could make him accept a douceur of £100 when he went back to London—there to make famous the Shropshire ball and the Shropshire whipper-in.

It is indeed an amazing life that is painted by a local historian, Mr. John Randall, in his "Old Sports and Sportsmen." The book is, in the main, an account of the Squire of Willey and his home, the old Hall—a noble, simple house, it should seem, with capacious chimney-pieces, rooms wainscoted with oak to the ceilings, grim portraits of bygone Welds and Foresters, later pictures of dogs, cattle, and favourite horses, spreading antlers in the great hall, ancient guns, bustards and other rare birds, curious timepieces, and "a great lamp hoisted to its place by a thick rope, lighting up that portion of the hall into which opened the doors of the dining and other rooms, and from which a staircase led to the gallery."

In the wainscoted dining-room a jolly feast was generally held about twelve hours before a meet—at four o'clock, that is to say, on a winter's afternoon. Sometimes the guests came booted and spurred, and ready for the hunt; for the pack threw off at the earliest glimmering of dawn—"as soon as they could distinguish a stile from a gate"—and, for sportsmen from a distance, this meant a dreary ride, perhaps of miles of country lane by starlight.

The Squire, on a hunting morning, commonly breakfasted at four o'clock upon underdone beef and eggs beaten up in brandy. Then a fifty-mile run would fill up the day—and if it overfilled it George Forester was "game" to hunt by moonlight, as he was game to go anywhere and over anything, making the wildest leaps when Mistress Phoebe Higgs (one of his many loves) was there to give him a lead. Dibdin does not mention Phoebe; but she and her Squire and Tom Moody were a trio it would have been no easy matter to match, even in those rough times.

After a day of hard riding came a night of hard drinking, of mighty eating, of jovial songs, and of practical jokes, whose butt was, on occasion, the Rector of Willey himself. This was Michael Pye Stephens, a man of good family and of some



THE CHURCH IN THE PARK.

ability—parson, magistrate, and, above all, boon companion, whom his Squire and his parishioners treated with precisely the respect that was his due. On one famous night, during Dibdin's visit to Willey, the Rector had slipped off to bed before the drinking was done, but in the small hours, feeling hungry, went downstairs to the larder and helped himself to venison pie. The Squire found this out, quietly turned the key on the parson, and then declared—to the guests at their last bottle in the dining-room—that they must have a country dance before bed. The whole household was roused, and (hastily dressed) "took sides" for a dance down the great hall, and then Squire Forester "unkennelled his fox," and made the parson go to his room, between the long lines of dancers—in his nightshirt.

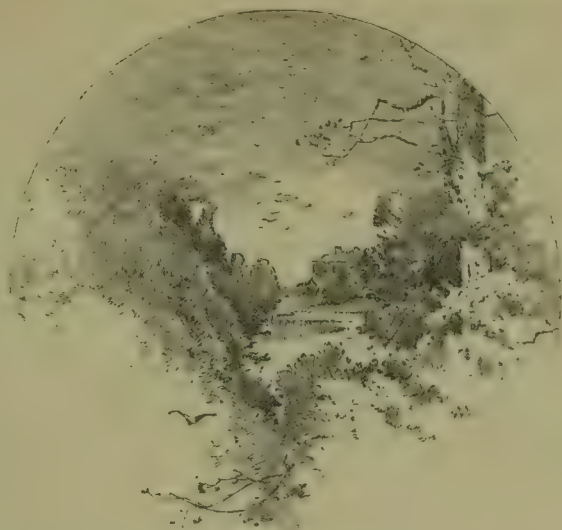
Do the fox-hunting squires of to-day at their "high jinks"—more decorous, let us assume, than Squire Forester's—still sing that ballad of Dibdin's which Incedon made so famous?—

You all knew Tom Moody, the whipper-in, well.  
The bell that's done tolling was honest Tom's knell;  
A more able sportsman ne'er followed a hound  
Through a country well known to him fifty miles round.  
... Tom spoke to his friends ere he gave up his breath,  
"Since I see you're resolved to be in at the death,  
One favour bestow—'tis the last I shall crave—  
Give a rattling 'Vive-halloo' thrice over my grave."

When this century began, all England knew Tom Moody; but his life and his thoughts were entirely bound up in Willey Hall, its Squire, its horses, and its dogs—indeed, if one could believe the local legend, he was faithful to Willey when life was over, and returned to visit the old place as a spirit: when he was seen sitting astride a gate ("Hangster's Gate") after the uncomfortable fashion of the disembodied.

George Forester himself was not a more typical character than Moody—"a small, eight or nine stone man, with roundish face, marked with smallpox, and a pair of eyes that twinkled with good humour": a hard rider and a hard drinker, of immense courage and sagacity in his own pursuit, and probably with not a thought beyond it, nor a wish. He was, beyond question, the best whipper-in in England: none could, like Tom, "bring up the tail-end of a pack, or sustain the burst of a long chase and be in at the death with every hound well up." It is pleasant to learn that he was one of the happiest fellows in the universe; but he died, worn out, when he was some years under fifty—nor need one say that he was the less happy for that.

The Squire's letter, which describes Tom's death and his famous funeral, is so full of character that one cannot but quote some part of it. "On Tuesday last," he says, "died poor Tom Moody, as good for rough and smooth as ever entered Wildman's Wood. He died brave and honest, as he lived—beloved by all, hated by none that ever knew him. I took his own orders as to his will, funeral, and every other



A PEEP OF THE HOUSE.

thing that could be thought of. He died sensible and fully collected as ever man died—in short, died game to the last; for when he could hardly swallow, the poor old lad took the farewell glass for success to fox-hunting, and his poor old master (as he termed it) for ever. I am sole executor, and the bulk of his fortune he left to me—six-and-twenty shillings, real and bona fide sterling cash, free from all incumbrance, after every debt discharged to a farthing. Noble deeds for Tom, you'd say. The poor old ladies at the Ring of Bells are to have a knot each in remembrance of the poor old lad."

Tom's favourite horse was led to the grave after him, carrying his last fox's brush in the front of his bridle, with his cap, whip, boots, spurs, and girdle across his saddle. After the funeral, three "clear, rattling view halloos" were given over his grave, as he had wished; "and thus ended the career of poor Tom, who lived and died an honest fellow, but, alas! a very wet one."

So much for the history of the dwellers in Willey Hall. It is now time to give some account of the house itself, and the lands that lie about it. If you keep clear of such manufacturing towns as Wellington, too busy to have time to be picturesque, it is very pleasant to travel in this beautiful county of Shropshire, going about in slow little trains, hearing the quiet talk of the countryfolk, seeing as little as may be of the foundries and as much as you can of the lovely tree-filled valleys round the Wrekin—the great landmark of this part of the county, as it stands up, all alone, the centre of a plain.

Passing down the delightful valley of Coalbrookdale—or the valley that must have been delightful before they filled it with foundries—passing the Severn, here a little river going unobtrusively on its way, you come to Wenlock. The Wrekin is partly in Little Wenlock; and the ancient and notable town of Much Wenlock—which still keeps up its ancient state of Mayor and Aldermen—is the nearest place of any importance to Willey Hall, whose park-gate is perhaps three miles from the town. So that nature and history have combined to make Much and Little Wenlock as interesting as places with such names have every right to be.

But on our way to Willey we must resolutely turn aside from the splendid ruined abbey on our left; we must let Wenlock Edge stand sharply up along the horizon—for twenty miles it stretches, from north-east to south-west—without verifying the statements of geographers that here and there it is a thousand feet high. Our journey to-day is to the home of the Foresters; and only one excursion—of two minutes—is allowed to break it. Directly in our path lies the village of Barrow, and in its churchyard Tom Moody was buried.

Farther on there stands at the roadside, just by a comfortable lodge, one of the gates of the park. Hence the drive slopes down into a hollow, winding through a rich assemblage of all manner of trees, which stand out upon the grass, or are knee-deep in bracken; oaks with their spreading arms, tall pyramid evergreens, firs like witches pointing with their scraggy fingers, high shapely elms, domes of chestnut, and the blossoming may. The garden-like grounds that follow, too, are magnificent with great trees, many but not crowded; and then, as the road winds, there comes in sight a hill, along which run three rows of trees, each above each, and the highest crowning the ridge.

A flock of black-faced sheep comes twinkling along the path, perhaps fresh from its gardener's work of nibbling the grass in those inner grounds to which we now pass by a wooden gate; at all events, the grass—as is the way in parks—is noticeably trimmer and more smooth within the gate than without. We are now going uphill, and look across a deep valley, where is a dark and quiet lake reflecting the huge mass of heavy trees that covers the hillslope. A few steps more, and the house is on our left—highstanding, solemn, grey, very plain, but for its tall Corinthian portico.

Willey Hall the third, which is this present building, must be now close upon a hundred years old. It is a high, two-

storey house of stone, built from designs by Wyatt, in the style which was in fashion when this century was born; and its main front is a hundred yards long. The chief entrance is beneath the Corinthian portico at the west end; at the south; Corinthian pillars stand out under a semicircular cupola, and the terrace with its flower-beds overlooks the valley. This round end looks brighter than the solemn, pillared entrance.

In the middle of the house is a great hall, perhaps the finest of its kind and period in England—the period being, as has been said, nearly a century ago, and the kind that which is almost as much a drawing-room as an entrance-hall. It is a large, very lofty room, lighted partly by windows under the cupola-like roof above the centre of the hall, and partly through the conservatory, which is seen behind pillars and a vestibule at the end. Beyond is just a glimpse of park and flowers; on the hither side of the conservatory is an open space, to right and left of which staircases ascend; over the windows is a dim colour of stained glass, blazoned with arms. Great double pillars—Corinthian, of a yellowish colour—stand at the end and sides of the hall, supporting a light brass-railed gallery which runs round it. On each side is a comfortable fireplace of dark marble. There are seats of a warm red, and a table in the middle. Four doors, red also and deep-set in the walls, lead from the hall, besides the main entrances at each end. Family portraits, in their sober colours, hang on the pale-green walls; and marble statues, marble vases, and a marble floor all give their brightness to the great, airy room.

In the gallery above there are interesting portraits. One shows us a lady in widow's weeds, but without a wedding-ring. This was the "Pretty Miss Forester" of two centuries ago, whose story is one of the legends of the house—and a legend the more curious because it is absolutely true.

Miss Forester was the daughter of Sir William Forester (of Dothill, not far away) and his wife Lady Mary Cecil, daughter of the Earl of Salisbury; and, when she was fourteen or fifteen, she was betrothed to Mr. George Downing. This does not mean that they were merely "engaged," with full liberty to change their minds in a month, like modern young men and maidens. They went through a solemn legal ceremony, which constituted a contract to marry, and seems to have been as binding as marriage itself—its form was, indeed, the first part of our wedding-service.

Then the bridegroom, as we may call him, was sent to make the grand tour of the Continent. He was only about three years older than his bride, and had probably little more voice in the matter than herself. But on one subject he had an opinion, and a very decided one. The young moralist did not consider the air of the Court a good thing for young ladies, and made his fiancée promise him that she would not go thither.

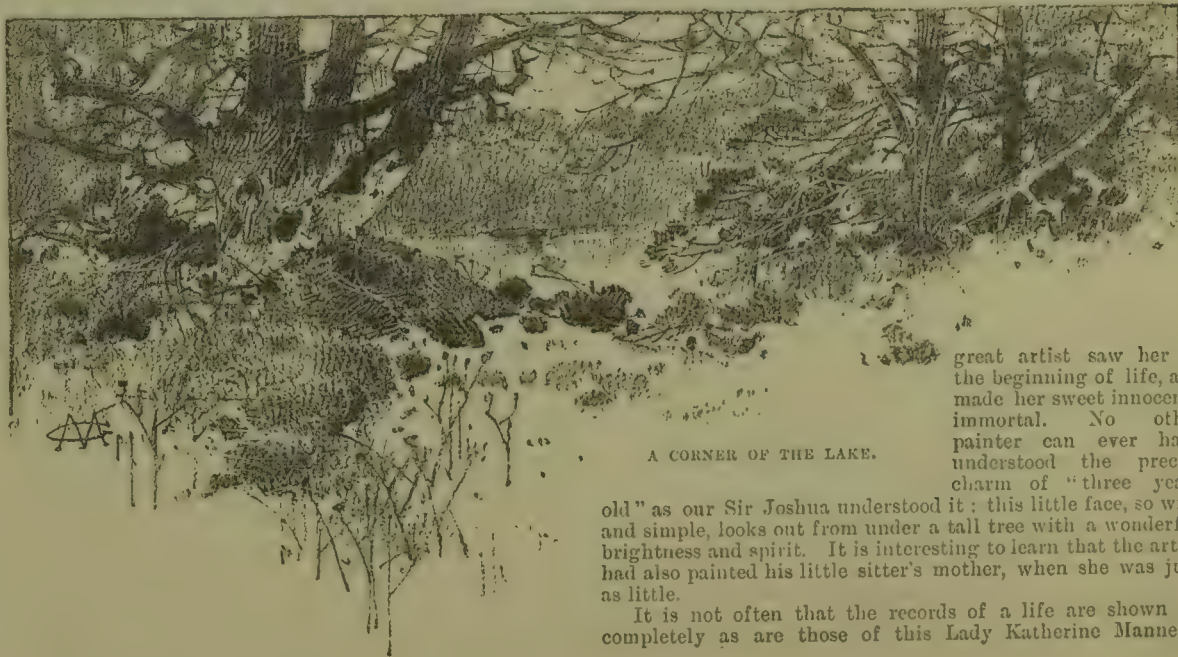
But Queen Anne, like Queen Mary before her, liked to have pretty girls at her side; and, as Sir William's daughter was already known as "pretty Mistress Mary Forester," it was not long before she was chosen as one of her Majesty's maids of honour. Then to Court she went, promise or no promise.

Mr. George Downing became "Sir George" during his travels, and in due course returned, to find that his betrothed wife had, the year before, broken her word to him: whereupon he said that she must abide the consequences, and refused to have any more to do with her.

Whatever Mistress Mary may have been, Sir George was a man of his word: he had nothing to do with her from that time forward—except that when, ten years after, the poor woman petitioned the House of Lords for a dissolution of their contract of a marriage, he very willingly joined in the petition. This was laid before the House in 1715, and stated that the marriage was made when the lady was of tender years, and under the authority of her parents; that her husband then went abroad for three years, and on his return declared that he would not perfect the marriage; that she had never seen him since and had not taken his name; and that, finally, such aversions had risen between them that there was no possibility of a mutual agreement.

In spite of Sir George's acknowledgment of these facts and hearty concurrence in the petition, it was refused—by a majority which, as one need hardly say, included all the Bishops. So they went their several ways till their deaths, and Sir George Downing left all his money to found the Cambridge college which bears his name. A story, if you think of it, of a ghastly immorality—worse than the records of the London divorce-courts of our days. It cannot be said, however, that the face of this half-married lady shows any sign of her lifelong trouble: it is a plump, dark, easy-going countenance which looks at us from under the single curl of the period. Pretty Mistress Mary's beauty, one must also confess, is not of an order so striking as to account for her nickname, or for the Queen's eagerness to add such an ornament to the Court, if she were no prettier than her portrait—which is unlikely.

This is not to be said of a series of likenesses of a later beauty, the first of which hangs in the bright and charming drawing-room, known as Lady Forester's morning-room, into which we may go next. There is, perhaps, no other living man who can, like Lord Forester, point to a portrait by Sir Joshua Reynolds and say, "That is my mother"; nor can anyone, living or dead, have, or have had, a lovelier family picture to show than this exquisite likeness of a child who, though she grew up one of the beauties of her day, yet was surely never more beautiful than when the



A CORNER OF THE LAKE.

great artist saw her in the beginning of life, and made her sweet innocence immortal. No other painter can ever have understood the precise charm of "three years old" as our Sir Joshua understood it: this little face, so wild and simple, looks out from under a tall tree with a wonderful brightness and spirit. It is interesting to learn that the artist had also painted his little sitter's mother, when she was just as little.

It is not often that the records of a life are shown so completely as are those of this Lady Katherine Manners,





THE UPPER LAKE.

THE LOWER LAKE.

WILLEY PARK, THE SEAT OF LORD FORESTER.



afterwards Lady Forester, in her son's house. After her baby portrait by Sir Joshua comes a miniature, painted perhaps nearly twenty years later, when this youngest daughter of the beautiful Duchess of Rutland was herself one of the beauties of the century just born. Another picture shows her in the last years of her life, which was not a long one: she had not passed middle age when she died, less than a year after her husband. And, to complete her story, her tomb is here, beside that husband's, in the little Norman church in the park.

In the rounded end of the house is a fine library, where hang, among others, portraits of the "pretty Miss Forester" as a child, and of her mother, Lady Mary; but the best pictures at Willey are to be found in the drawing-room—another of the cheerful, lofty, sunlit rooms which give the Hall its greatest charm as a place to live in. Here are a splendid Cuyt, a vigorous painting of wild ducks; a Teniers, very interesting, large, and solid; a rich landscape of Berghems; a fine study of a clouded sea by Ruysdael; and a sweet and placid little Wilson of great charm. All the pictures, of course, we cannot catalogue; nor other of the beautiful china than the blue Sèvres plate—"donné par le Roy," as its inscription tells—and the fine Italian group of Aurora in her chariot, with four grey, black-maned steeds; a dashing and delightful work.

The dining-room is the typical dining-room of a great English mansion; it is hung with nine family pictures, of which the most interesting to us is Sir Joshua's little girl as she looked when grown up and painted by Sir William Beechey. An early Lord of Salisbury reminds one of the Foresters' connection with the House of Cecil, and the likenesses of William III. and Mary, his Queen, bear witness to the ardent Whiggism of the family in those days. Sir William, father of pretty Mistress Mary, not only sat on the famous Grand Jury of Middlesex which found the Duke of York, afterwards James II., a Papist: he went so near to armed rebellion that he had to cut down his woods and make money of them, wherewith to appease an indignant but needy monarch. For it was discovered that he had, in his country house, "fifty muskets, which he concealed and would not own but by parcels, when he saw they were resolved to search and must find them. And they likewise found seven hundredweight of powder hid underground. And, when they were upon search, one of the company put his stick into an oven and felt something, which, upon stirring, jingled; which occasioned the emptying the oven of ashes, among which they found fifty pikeheads."

Amid all these memorials of the past, there is evidence that Willey Hall moves with the times, and does not sacrifice modern comforts and conveniences for the sake of old associations. Squire George has but to step down from his frame to ring an electric bell; and an observatory, fitted up for the use of modern science, has been placed atop of a brewhouse, built in the interest of the ancient good cheer.

This brewhouse looks towards that wide terrace by the conservatory, whence is so beautiful a view of the wooded valley and its overhanging hill. On the terrace are beds of flowers and a little fountain; a pretty walk to the left, between high trees, takes you towards the church and the old Hall. It is wonderful how trees grow here. Passing along this



PART OF THE OLD HALL OF THE SEVENTEENTH CENTURY.

winding avenue, you would think that it had been woodland for centuries; yet eighty years ago this was all fields, and not one of those great trees is as old as the present owner of Willey. Now you are sheltered from sun and wind as in the forest primeval; and the curious little overground tunnel of trellis-work—formerly much longer—is needless, and is not kept up as of old.

Here are beautiful rhododendrons, their rich colours blazing beside the sombre cypresses. Willey is famed for its rhododendrons, and there is, in another part of the park, an avenue of them which is said to be a mile long.

A short walk brings you to the old parish church of Willey, which stands in the park. Here was, no doubt, the ancient village of Willey, "entirely removed," and its site turned into parkland, by the first Lord Forester. Part of the church is Norman, and several Norman windows were discovered and restored when it was enlarged, in 1880, by the addition of two aisles. The square tower and the chancel are old, and do their best to give an air of age to the rest; the venerable family pew, which generations of Foresters had used, was in a kind of exorcism projecting from the side of the church.

There are many and beautiful memorials of the family. The plain tomb of the old Squire, buried here by torchlight, stands, among later tombs, in the vault beneath the church; and there are sculptured monuments to the second and third Lords, brothers of the present owner, in church and vault. An exquisite carving by Noble commemorates the little child, born dead, of the second Lord Forester—a baby, nestling under an angel's wing. There is an interesting memorial, too—made of the very rich clay found in the neighbouring town of Broseley—of the present Lord's first wife, who is buried at Gedling, in Nottinghamshire.

Just behind the church stands what is left of the old hall—a beautiful, homelike place, with gable-ends overgrown with ivy, high buttressed chimneys, and small-paned windows. Some of its walls are three feet thick, and no doubt belonged to a Willey Hall still more ancient. Views of both of these houses of the past are preserved at Willey.

Half hidden in its quiet corner, this old Hall had, of course, no such view as that which the high-standing mansion of to-day looks out upon; but it stood pleasantly close to the old coach-road from Bridgnorth to Wenlock, and near its humble neighbours, cottages and inn, now for the most part passed away.

But a circle of old buildings still remains, and forms a magnificent stable-yard, to which one passes through a high archway—the frame of a lovely bit of sunny landscape, field and water and blue sky. Round an open space, sloping down to the pond, there stand the ancient weather-stained stables and granary, the coach-house, the high dovecot by the water-side: it is very beautiful, very old, quiet, restful, and yet useful. It is less the fashion now to paint these things than it was in the days of Constable and Crome—why, it is hard to say, for nowadays we want such sights and pictures the more.

EDWARD ROSE.

The Bishop-designate of Peterborough (Dr. Creighton) will be consecrated at Westminster Abbey with Dr. Randall Davidson (Bishop-elect of Rochester) on St. Mark's Day, April 25.

The ninth statutory International Congress of Orientalists, in accordance with the rules adopted in 1873, under the honorary presidency of Lord Dufferin and Lord Lytton, with the patronage of the Duke of Connaught and Archduke Rainer of Austria, will be held in September this year, in London. Sir Patrick Colquhoun, President of the Royal Society of Literature, is at the head of the London organising and reception committee. Delegates are appointed from France, Austria-Hungary, Germany, Russia, Belgium, Holland, Italy, Spain and Portugal, Sweden and Denmark, and other countries of Europe; also from Egypt, India, China, and Japan. The sections of work allotted to this Congress include summaries of Oriental researches since 1886, the study of Semitic languages and of Mohammedanism, Aryan ethnology, Central Asia and Dardistan, Egyptology, China and the Indo-Chinese nations, Japan, the Malay and the Polynesian races. Comparative religion, philosophy, science, law, and history will occupy a special section. Oriental art, numismatics, archaeology, anthropology, and natural or artificial products of different countries in Asia and Africa will be examined. The utility of Oriental linguistics as an aid to the extension of commerce is to be discussed by this Congress, which will take place at the hall of the Inner Temple, and should attract much public attention.

## EVERETT'S BEARD.

BY J. M. BARRIE.

I once overheard two boys discussing greatness. "Gladstone is the greatest man," said Bill. "Oh, rot!" answered Freddy: "Marryat is the greatest man." "You don't know all about Gladstone," said Bill: "why, it's Gladstone that makes the laws and things." "You don't know all about Marryat," retorted Freddy: "why, he shaved twice a day." "Oh, by Jove! did he?" exclaimed Bill, and gave Mr. Gladstone up.

Like Marryat, our friend Everett has for many years shaved twice a day. He has no other claim to distinction, and we are all so interested in his welfare that we want him to grow a beard, and thus, as it were, pass into private life. His poor wife, who is young and has pretty ways, does not know what to say in answer to our arguments. We have calculated that in six months Everett's beard would reach the second button of his waistcoat, and that a year would see it at his waist. This, we point out, would give him a grave and learned appearance, and at the same time hide his feeble retiring chin. His wife shudders, however, at the thought of his looking old (patriarchal is our word) when he is only about thirty. Then we put the matter from the pecuniary point of view. Every morning Everett pays sixpence to be shaved, and gives twopence to the man for not cutting him very severely. This comes to some £12 a year. In the evening he only shaves again if he is to meet company at dinner, which happens, perhaps, twice a week. This brings the annual expenditure up to £15; and twenty times fifteen is 300 or 350, according to the hour of the evening at which you calculate it. By growing a beard, therefore, Everett could save that sum by the time he is fifty. We ask Mrs. Everett bluntly if she thinks it less than wicked to fling away money in this way, and then, being a careful housekeeper, she is dreadfully distressed. We remind her that their child, Dorothy, will be almost twenty-one in twenty years, and we ask sternly, "What will you and Everett say when Dorothy demands the £300 that you ought now to be saving for her?"

We have discovered a plot of ground that Everett could buy, simply by growing a beard. It is in the suburbs of London, and a big board says that anyone can have it on the five-years system by paying ten shillings a week. We took Everett and his wife past the place lately, and suddenly pointed it out to them. They did not understand our motive, and Mrs. Everett said, "How nice it would be to have a piece of land of one's own!" "Then why not have it?" we said earnestly. "It won't cost you a penny." "How do you mean?" she asked innocently (but Everett frowned). "Your husband's beard," we replied solemnly. She clenched her little fists. "And if you want to build a pretty little cottage on your own ground," we continued, "you could do it with the whiskers." There was little more conversation during the rest of our walk. Mrs. Everett was stiff, and Everett sulky. Still, we felt that they must be thinking it over now.

Another day Everett said he was tired, and wanted a change. "Then why not become intellectual?" we asked promptly. "But how?" he said, carried away by the novelty of the idea. "By giving up shaving," we said. "Oh!" he replied, growing crusty, "that beard you have all such an interest in might make me look intellectual, but it would not make me intellectual." "Even to look intellectual," we pointed out, "would be a gain; but you misunderstand our meaning. How do men become intellectual? Why, by reading books. Have you never heard of the ten-pound libraries? [I see what you mean now," he growled.] By spending ten pounds judiciously you can become owner of at least a hundred English classics. Where are you to get that ten pounds? you ask. Well, whether you ask it or not, don't interrupt us. Leave your beard alone for a year, and you become possessor of a standard library, and have five pounds over with which to buy cigars for your guests—a better brand, let us hope, than those you usually palm off on us. Do you mean to say that you hesitate after our putting it in that way?"

To Mrs. Everett we say: "Of course you consider it a matter of no consequence that your husband should waste a year of his life—a valuable year, that might be spent in acquiring a competency for Dorothy?" She refrains by an effort from crying, and we continue: "It is our painful duty to remind you that the two hours a week squandered by your husband in shaving amount to a year in forty years." (They do not, but we wanted to put it strongly, and she is weak at arithmetic.) "In other words, a year of Mr. Everett's life is at your disposal to waste or to turn to good account." She had to leave the room, this agitated her so much.

"Have you noticed," Everett said to us lately, "that £30,000 has been offered to the person who can exterminate rabbits in Australia?" "We have," we replied cuttingly; "and we beg to remind you that only your beard stands between you and that £30,000." "This is too much!" he said. "Not at all," we answered. "You are a scientific man, fully occupied, as you think, but, by giving up shaving, you get two hours a week in which to think out the problem of rabbit extermination. At the same time you get fifteen pounds a year with which to buy the necessary chemicals (or traps) for experiment. Everett, old friend, can you sit there calmly and fling away £30,000 rather than grow a beard?"

We have thought out various other schemes of usefulness for Everett's beard. For instance, we say to him, "Why not devote the time spent in shaving to considering the causes and cures of London fogs? Discover a means of dispelling the fog, and you become immortal. Or think out the Irish question, or that little matter of the Elgin marbles. Fame lies at your door, and to be able to pick it up all you have to do is to grow a beard. If, in your madness, you are willing to sacrifice your own future, think—oh! Everett, think—seriously of the future of your wife and child."

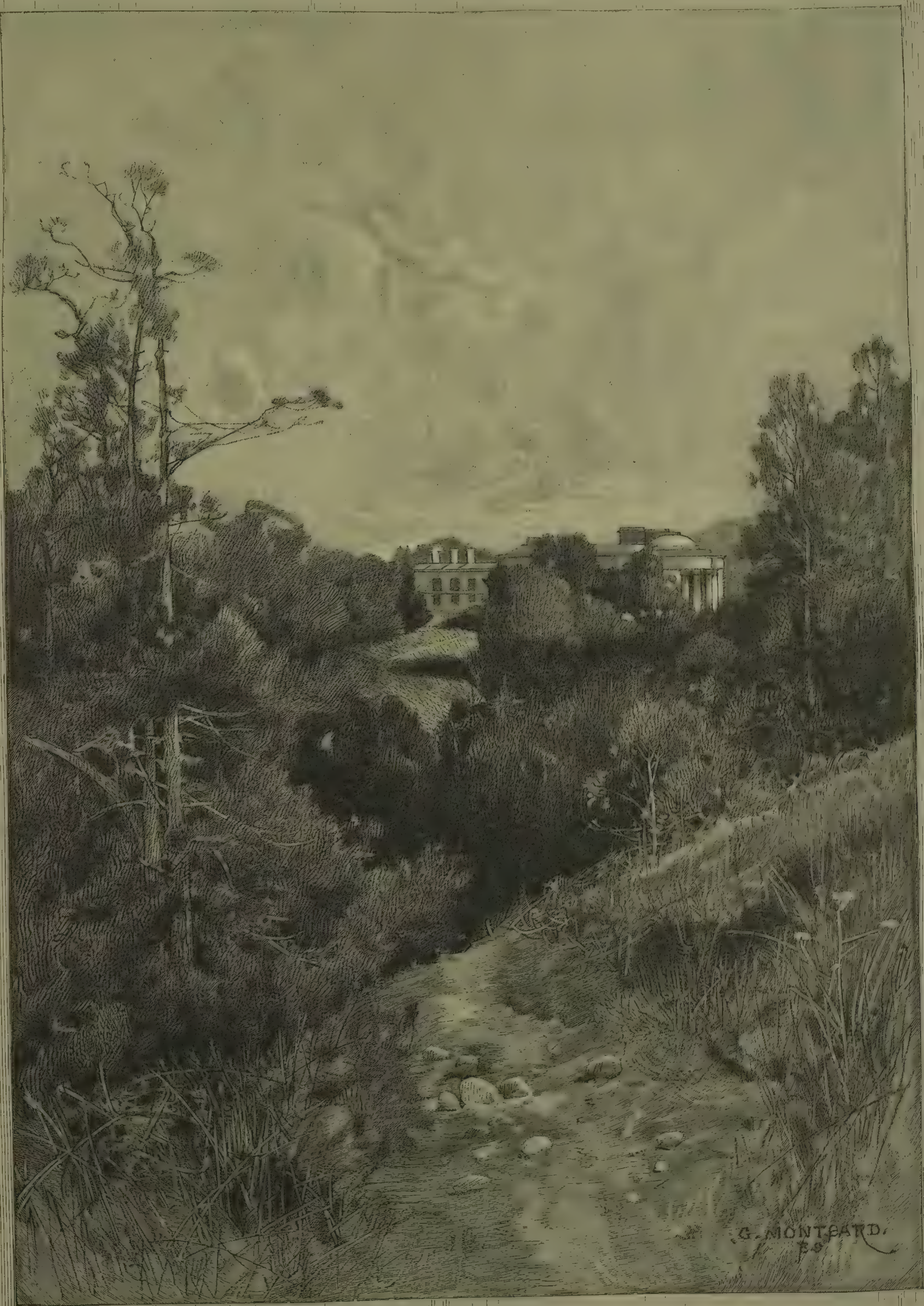
He has not consented yet, but our arguments are so unanswerable that it can only be a matter of time.



ONE OF THE PARK GATES.



ENGLISH HOMES.—No. XXVII. WILLEY PARK.



THE HOUSE FROM THE PARK.



## ART EXHIBITIONS.

## THE BURLINGTON FINE ARTS CLUB.

The hundred plates here brought together serve excellently to illustrate the French revival of etching in the latter half of the present century. They include specimens of the work of Méryon and Lalanne, of Jacquemart and Bracquemond, as well as a few by artists better known for their handling of the paint-brush than of the needle, of whom J. F. Millet was the most noteworthy. This revolution in the art of engraving, of which the fruits have become apparent since 1850, was, as Mr. Cosmo Monkhouse points out in his appreciative notice, the necessary corollary to the defeat of the Classicists by the Romanticists in both art and literature. At the same time, it was in a measure due to the increasing respect for simplicity of method. Engravers of the first half of the century, English as well as French, had had recourse to dry-point, mezzotint, and aquatint to enhance the qualities of their engraved work. Neither Bervic nor Henriquel, two of the most distinguished artists in their time, is exempt from this reproach; but when once we have passed the dividing line of the century we find a clearly defined recognition and distinct use of each process. Jean François Millet was almost the first to show that pure etching might be made the field of original work. In fact, he revived the art of the painter-etcher, with what result may be seen in his "Gleaners," in which the complete harmony of the evening landscape with the weary, bent women is beyond all praise. The attempt to convey strong transitory effort, as in the "Diggers," is scarcely so pleasing, although one cannot but admire the consummate power of the work. Méryon's work, though marvellous and full of imagination, is not unfrequently spoilt by his dark shadows, or by the ignorance of the limits of his own powers. A comparison of the three states of the St. Etienne du Mont will show how the delicacy of the original conception was deteriorated by subsequent labour. In the treatment of the Pont-au-Change the substitution of a flight of impossible birds (canards) for the burst balloon was not altogether successful, while the implied satire was even less delicate. Méryon's two masterpieces, the one of outline and perspective and the other of imaginative poetry, are the "Apse of Notre Dame" and "The Morgue," which may



APSE OF NOTRE DAME (Burlington Fine Arts Club).

both be seen here in their first and second states. With regard to the much-discussed "Tourelle de Marat," it is curious that Méryon, generally accurate to the verge of pedantry, should have allowed the word TABAC, which denoted the business carried on in the house where Marat was assassinated, to appear in both states as CABAT.

Jacquemart's work was more delicate and, in a sense, more varied than Méryon's; for he reproduced with almost equal success the brilliant transparency of rock crystal, the soft outlines of Japanese porcelain-painting, and of Sévres *pâte-tendre*. Bracquemond's art is less subtle, and less original. He is at his best when copying others, though at times, as in his "Nympe Couchée" and his "Canards l'ont bien passée," there is a poverty of idea and feebleness of execution which surprise one. The only known etching by the painter Ingres necessarily has considerable interest; but, unless he wished to expose to ridicule Mgr. de Pressigny, Archbishop of Rennes, it is difficult to recognise the merits of this very self-satisfied prelate, as here rendered. The work of Corot and Delacroix is equally unimportant; but Daubigny throws quite an idyllic feeling into his riverside scenery. Neither Paul Huet nor Lalanne is seen to the best advantage, but the view of Fribourg, in Switzerland, by the latter, is full of delicate work, and appreciation of distance. Meissonier's work in etching, as in every other branch of art, shows his persistent effort to attain correctness of detail; but his figures show also a roundness and solidity which other artists wholly fail to convey, and he can at will throw into the most minute figures expression or movement to an extent which has never been surpassed.

It is, however, at Messrs. Obach's (Cockspur Street) where Meissonier can be seen to the best advantage, and judged not only by his own etched work but by that of others. The bringing together of a complete collection of the etched and engraved work by and after the great French artist has not, we believe, been before attempted, and is now due to the "pious zeal" of Mr. Walter Robinson, whose reputation as a connoisseur of etchings is well established. To him we owe the knowledge of seven etchings by Meissonier himself, as compared with three shown at the Burlington Fine Arts Club; while the work of men like Rajon, Paul Le Rat, and Leopold Flameng supplies places left vacant in that collection, and completes more satisfactorily the history of modern French etching.

## MR. DUNTHORNE'S GALLERY.

Opinions may differ as to the limits to which the term "la belle France" is applicable; but all will agree that, above all dispute, Normandy combines at once the most natural advantages with the lingering touches of a fairy art. Her towns, set among lushy pastures and bright hillsides, are seldom without some picturesque spots; often they are rich in architectural beauties, more varied than any other country in Europe can offer. The trace of successive conquests is marked in wood and stone—are *perennius*—and furnish themes for poets, painters, and historians. Mr. Charles J. Watson, hitherto known chiefly as a skilful etcher, shows in this pleasant little collection many of the attributes of the true painter. He has a delicate sense of atmosphere, a love of colour, and an appreciation of architectural effects. The result is that we follow him with pleasure in his wanderings through Normandy, and enjoy with him the transient gleams of sunshine with which, like the rest of us, he was favoured last summer. Dreux, Dol, and Lisieux are less known to the majority of travellers than Chartres, Caudebec, and Caen, but they are not less worthy of notice, or less full of



THE FIRST COMMUNION, CHARTRES (Dunthorne's Gallery).

interesting associations. Mr. Watson is at his best in his sunlight scenes—as in such happily inspired work as the "Jackdaws of Chartres," in which the figure of the woman mounting the cathedral steps is admirable in pose and movement; or in that bit of Falaise, which boasts of being the birthplace of William the Conqueror. What is more certain is that in Falaise market-place congregate groups of women with white caps and blue dresses, forming, with their fruit and vegetables and bright surroundings, as pleasant a scene as one may wish to see. But even wet weather can be turned to good account in a country town, when umbrellas of every form and every hue are displayed to protect women and their wares; and such a scene on the Place Billard, at Chartres, Mr. Watson has caught with great truth and effect. Caudebec and Coutances, Dinan and Mont St. Michel supply him with happy thoughts; but perhaps the most distinctly artistic work of the collection is the view of the "Towers of Chartres," with their exquisite tracery and delicate proportions rising over the deep-eaved, timber-groined houses of one of the most picturesque towns in France or elsewhere.

## ROYAL SOCIETY OF PAINTER-ETCHERS.

The double purpose of this society is well kept in view in the present exhibition. On the one hand we have an admirably selected and scientifically arranged collection of Turner's etched work, to serve as an incentive as well as an education to our modern etchers. On the other, there is very satisfactory evidence afforded by these of the excellent spirit by which they are inspired.

The Turner pictures are all from the "Liber Studiorum," and are arranged so as to show in most cases the way in which that artist built up his work, from the clearly etched outline to the rich mezzotint picture—there being also an intermediate state in which the gradations of light and shadow were more or less completely indicated. From these, too, we learn how thorough Turner was in all that he undertook, and what pains he took to realise his own conceptions. When others were working for him, or under his guidance, he was often satisfied, though not always, with the three stages—the etching, the trial proof, and the completed plate—but when he was his own engraver we often find six or seven stages through which his work had to pass before he would consent to its publication; and in the process not unfrequently he completely forsook his original idea, as, for example, in "Inveraray Pier," and the "Church Interior," where candle-light was ultimately substituted for daylight. It is unnecessary to speak at length of these studies, beyond saying that rarely have so many of them been seen under such favourable conditions, either for the student or the amateur.

Turning to the work of the etchers of the present day, it is pleasant to find among them an ever-increasing tendency towards pictorial effect. We begin to feel that etching is no longer an industry, in which the display of mere careful



MARKET DAY, CHARTRES (Dunthorne's Gallery).

laboriousness is the touchstone of success. The imitative and even the photographic stage is being abandoned by the majority of the members, and in its place we find a fair show of imaginative work and of ideal treatment of nature. Mr. David Law, for instance, has seldom done anything so complete and so fresh as his "Ludlow Castle," embowered among rich trees, crowning Sabrina's course—

With many a tower and terrace round.

Mr. John Finnie, in his Welsh study at Lledr Bridge or "On a lone shore," shows poetic feeling allied with a delicate sense of the true limitations of his art. He just renders all that can be rendered in a landscape without colour, and in this view he is followed by Scotch artists like Mr. D. Y. Cameron, Mr. Dalgleish, and Mr. Bryden. Mr. Herbert Marshall, as usual, finds in the London streets picturesque subjects, under conditions which Londoners generally pronounce unbearable. His study of Parliament Street in last winter's fog and snow is so attractive that those who are contented with the present condition of the Metropolis will do well to have this little picture placed before the Royal Commission for which Viscount Wolmer and the zealots for purer air are agitating. Mr. Axel Haig finds in Cairo excellent subjects for his graver, and may succeed in providing a reaction against the highly coloured but scarcely more highly finished "photographs in oils" of the German painters who inundate European exhibitions with the products of their brush. Among the foreign artists, perhaps the highest place should be accorded to Mr. C. Storm van sGravesande, whose studies at Flushing and on the Venetian Lagunes are remarkable for their expanse of air and treatment of both sky and water. Among the less known English etchers should be named Miss Nichols, Mr. Herbert Dicksee, and Mr. George Gascoyne, "A Wayfarer," by the last named, being especially delicate in its almost French conception and execution.

Figure-drawing is represented by Mr. Strang at one extreme and Mr. Jacob Hood at the other—the former, broad in his treatment of life and its realities; the latter, delicate, sensitive, and, in many cases, over-refined. Between these extremes there is room for variety, but in the present exhibition there is a marked preference for out-of-doors work, and we cannot but think that in most cases the painter-etchers have decided wisely.

## MESSRS. DOWDESWELL'S GALLERY.

The Royal Scottish Society of Painters in Water Colours have brought their exhibition to London, thereby challenging comparison with Metropolitan societies. We do not think the latter have much to fear from their northern rivals, either in point of imagination or technical skill. Practically the only lesson taught by this exhibition is that there exists no national school of water-colour painting in Scotland, distinguished either by marked peculiarities or distinct interpretation of nature. Mr. James Paterson is, perhaps, the only painter who shows even strong leanings in any direction. His landscapes are richly coloured, but at times sombre to a fault; but in "The Mill" he is soft almost to the verge of smugness. Mr. R. B. Nisbet has a nice sense of sky, as shown in his "Sunset on a Border Moor." Mr. Garden G. Smith is another who takes a somewhat gloomy view of the world, whether on a Scottish moor or on the banks of the Seine, and Mr. J. H. Lorimer's "Homestead," one of the best things in the room, is on too minute a scale to give a fair measure of the artist's powers. Mr. R. A. Brownlie's "Old Fishing Village" is well imagined, but overdone with grey paint, while Mr. Arthur Melville's "Henley" recalls nothing so much as a sheet of indigo paper "decorated" with coloured waters. The higher haze of the river is nowhere visible, and the whole scene is a grotesque and not successful imitation of Mr. Whistler's "Cremorne." All things considered, it seems a pity that the Scottish Society should have taken the trouble to cross the Tweed. Its best-known members already find admission for their work into our own exhibitions, while the rank and file have nothing to teach our artists, or to attract our amateurs.

## THE FINE ART SOCIETY'S GALLERY.

"Gardens and Orchards" are among the distinctive features of England, and, as Mr. Henry James truly says in his note, "Half the ripeness of England—half the religion one might almost say—is in its gardens." Mr. Alfred Parsons has done well to make a record of this feature of old English life—for not only is it in the highest sense pictorial, but it is also historical. As one passes in review the gardens of Holme Lacey, in Herefordshire; of Sutton Place, in Surrey; of Broadway, in Worcester-shire; of Gravetye, in Sussex; a host of old memories, more or less woven with old England and her history, pass before the mind. In looking on the yew hedges, the grass walks, and the ancestral elms and twisted apple-trees, we feel the continuity of our national life, and recognise how each succeeding generation or family has been linked together by a love of flowers and of nature. Mr. Alfred Parsons is, above all things, a brilliant colourist, and consequently his summer studies, when flowers are in full bloom, are his most successful achievements. The bright green grass at Bodenham, sprinkled with spring daffodils, is not more truly a transcript of the "stars of earth's firmament" than the Michaelmas daisies at Gravetye and Broadway. At the same time, Mr. Parsons is a skilful draughtsman, and his trees, whether standing against the sky on the edge of Blackdown, or backed by the green pastures of Holme Lacey, show a delicate appreciation of form as well as of subdued colour. The chief weakness of Mr. Parsons's work, to our eyes, is the monotony of his atmospheric effects. Were it not for the variety of the flowers in bloom, or of the trees in leaf, we should often be puzzled to know what season of the year he wishes to represent. Florally, it is true we have the whole range of the season from early spring to late autumn or even winter. Except, however, in a few instances, such as the "Frosty Morning, Corsley," the view from Shipplake, overlooking the Thames Valley, and the "Michaelmas Daisies" at Gravetye, we have little to suggest a change of seasons or even a change of scene. The atmosphere of Somersetshire, of which a good instance occurs in the view of Frome, from a typical West-country orchard, differs *toto caelo* (one may well say) from that of the Romney Marshes, or the bright air of Blackdown. This aerial variation is too often neglected by Mr. Parsons, and as in several instances he fights against this suggestion of summer sameness, one cannot but think that he himself is conscious of the danger which besets his otherwise delightful style. On previous occasions he has vindicated his claim to be regarded as the exponent of true English landscape, and there are many dainty works in this exhibition which prove that the claim is well founded.

The Duc d'Aumale has accepted the honorary presidency of the Subscription Committee for the erection of a monument in memory of Meissonier. The acting president is M. Jules Simon; and among the members of the committee are all the leading artists of the day and M. Georges Berger, M. Alphonse de Rothschild, &c. It is proposed to erect the monument in the new Jardin du Carrousel, laid out on the site of the Tuileries Palace. Subscriptions will be received at the bank of MM. Rothschild Frères.





"A LETTER-WRITER OF TUNIS."—AFTER F. M. BREDT.

BY PERMISSION OF THE BERLIN PHOTOGRAPHIC COMPANY.



## COMEDY AND PIETY.

BY ANDREW LANG.

The French have, at various times, been very much more prim and demure than ourselves about the drama. Grimm, the literary correspondent of Catherine the Great, frequently praises the English for their outspoken veracity in comedy. The French, he says, would never endure the scene in "The School for Scandal" where Lady Teazle is hidden behind the screen. They would find it "shocking." It is now we who exclaim "Shocking!" and are obliged to castigate the plays which we adapt from the French. But even now the French are more exquisite than we in some points of dramatic decorum. In one of his recent criticisms—an excellent paper on Molière's "Malade Imaginaire"—M. Jules Lemaitre has been discussing the present attitude of French taste in the matter of the great comedian. The young writers of France, it seems, think Molière too bluff and coarse. He is not fond of learned ladies. His jests are rough. He is not a *néo-mystique*. He is frankly and bluntly of a negative mind in religion, and has none of those delicate shades of believing unbelief and sentimental piety which flicker and waver into each other, like the colours on the neck of a dove. A young French lyric poet is horrified by Molière; M. Renan thinks Molière too blunt and downright. In short, intellectual people in France—people of culture in France—are as dainty as the *Précieuses*, or as the courtiers who were so furious with *tarte à la crème*, in "L'Ecole des Femmes." Now, we may admit that Molière loved a frank unaffected woman of honest common-sense. What struck him most in the learned fair was their empty pretentiousness: he heard the tinkling cymbals of their conceit; he had no belief at all in their thoroughness and genuineness. But he was not thinking of really learned ladies, like Madame Dacier, or like several modern Englishwomen. He was thinking of those with whom intellect is a mode. We have hundreds of them among us to-day, and most Englishmen of sense will be ready to go all lengths with Molière as far as our modern *Précieuses* are concerned. But we are Shakespeare's countrymen, and accustomed to wit which still seems savage to the French, and primitive even to ourselves.

As to the question of religion, we certainly cannot expect Molière to have reached that queer modern condition which wants to believe, which pines after faith, which is incapable of faith, and has to content itself now with a kind of dandy toleration of religion, now with an elegant and wistful sneer. M. Lemaitre long ago spoke his mind about M. Renan's dainty scepticism. Neither he nor we can wish Molière to have been of M. Renan's mind. In Molière's time, unbelief, and even indifference, were common enough. The whole of Pascal's argument, in the "Pensées," is directed against frank unbelief, in the first place, and, secondly, against what he calls "Indifferentism" and we call Agnosticism. They are only two names for the same thing. The Agnostic does not so much deny, as declare that he cannot know, and must be content not to know. To Pascal it seemed monstrous that any man should be, or pretend to be, indifferent and unconvinced. It is plain that, in society, there were very many "indifferents." But it was still anything but safe, especially for men who were not great lords, to advance negative arguments. A worthy curé proposed to have Molière burned for writing "Le Festin de Pierre," the play more commonly known as "Don Juan." It was certainly a most audacious piece, yet there was none of the talk about it which the much more cautious "Tartuffe" provoked. The "Festin de Pierre," written after "Tartuffe," but produced before "Tartuffe" was finally permitted, had a great success for a few nights, and was then quietly withdrawn and never reproduced in the author's lifetime. It has never been a favourite on the stage, and it assuredly might vex persons of sensitive piety. Don Juan being an atheist, his servant, Sganarelle, tries to convert him by the usual or stoical arguments for natural religion, and the evidences of design in the universe. To put these arguments in the mouth of a buffoon was injudicious, and even shocking, although M. Mesnard may not be far wrong when he thinks that Molière really agreed with Don Juan's valet. But, somehow, when Molière's religion is discussed, we hear very little of "Le Festin de Pierre," and a great deal of "Tartuffe." Molière was put to much trouble before he could get the royal permission to act "Tartuffe," even backed as he was by the great Condé. Napoleon is reported to have said that he himself would never have allowed it to be performed. M. Lemaitre declares that it must offend every pious and believing mind. Why should this be? We have not "Tartuffe" exactly in its original form. In the years of waiting Molière must have made many alterations, compromises, *accommodements avec le ciel*, or rather with the priestly party and the Pietists. But, as it stands, it is impossible for an Englishman to see any offence in "Tartuffe." The play was originally called "Le Hypocrite." It is a satire on hypocrisy, not on religion. The villain is not a priest, but a layman, who says that he is of noble birth. When he says anything peculiarly sanctimonious, Molière, in the old editions, has been careful to add *C'est un scélérat qui parle*—"the speaker is a scoundrel." In the only edition which I have before me, in the seventh scene of the third act Tartuffe says—

O ciel, pardonne lui, comme je lui pardonne!

which might decidedly be taken for a quotation from the Lord's Prayer. Tartuffe was the kind of man to make it, but it is generally agreed, on all hands, that the stage is not the place for such quotations. Now, in Molière's own edition the words run—

O ciel, pardonne lui le douleur qu'il me donne!

and it was Aimé Martin who substituted the first version, handed down by tradition. Molière, in fact, omitted nothing which could prove the innocence of his intentions. He introduces a long speech on the glory of true and genuine religion. He makes Tartuffe do the very things which were reproved in the conduct of the Pharisees. Tartuffe makes public prayers and gives alms, "that he may be seen of men." "I am accused," he says, "of putting the language of religion in the mouth of a hypocrite. How could I do otherwise, if it was a hypocrite that I had to represent?" He observes that a play named "Scaramouche Ermite" went unrebuked, while he was persecuted, and he quotes Condé's saying, "The reason is that 'Scaramouche' mocks at religion, for which the enemies of Molière care nothing, while he makes game of themselves, which they cannot endure." All this seems as clear as day to us in England. We do not arraign Dickens because Mr. Pecksniff asks to be reminded to pray for someone who has outraged him; nor because Stiggins and Chadband and the Shepherd are hypocrites do we think that Dickens is an enemy of belief. Nobody, perhaps, however pious and tender of conscience, is offended by Pecksniff, Stiggins, and Chadband. It is these "false professors" who bring themselves, not religion, into contempt. We might as well call Bunyan impious for deriding Mr. Byends. But, in France, it seems that the religious conscientiousness is very much more tender than in England. A critic so acute as M. Lemaitre thinks that the faithful are still, and not unjustly, vexed by "Tartuffe."

To us it seems that "Le Festin de Pierre," and even a scene in "L'Ecole des Femmes," might conceivably displease them, but why "Tartuffe"? It may be but a valetudinarian piety which is horrified by the fun made of *ce pauvre homme*. Saint-Evremond said that Cléante, in "Tartuffe," almost persuaded him to be a Christian: but, alas! Saint-Evremond was not of a delicately religious disposition. Bourdaloue, on the other hand, who may be presumed to have been religious, called "Tartuffe" a "damnable invention." But so did Harlay de Champvallon, Archbishop of Paris, and he, according to Fénelon, was a notorious rogue. Perhaps the best thing comedy can do is to leave religion severely alone. Hypocrites are ill people to irritate, and the simplicity of the truly pious occasionally makes them cry out before they are hurt.

## ECCLESIASTICAL NOTES.

Two works of great interest will be issued immediately by Messrs. Macmillan—the first probably before this note is in print—Dean Church's "History of the Oxford Movement" and "The Life of Archbishop Tait," by his son-in-law (the Bishop-elect of Rochester) and the Rev. Canon Benham, B.D. It is a little unfortunate that so many books on the Oxford movement should be issued at the same time, but Dean Church will always command a hearing. When "The Life of Dr. Pusey" is issued, the original materials for history will probably be exhausted. Archbishop Tait's Life will give another side of the Church of England. Dr. Davidson's ability is well known; and Mr. Benham's skilful editing of the touching memorials of the Archbishop's wife and son guarantees the quality of his contribution. Mr. Benham, by the way, is understood to be the "Peter Lombard" of the *Church Times*.

It seems as if the Bishop of Truro, whose ill health all deplore, will not be able much longer to defer his resignation. Great things were hoped for, and have been in part accomplished, by the Truro episcopate. Now the tide seems on the turn. For five years the confirmations in the diocese have been on the decrease, and in nine parishes of over five hundred souls not one candidate within that period has been presented for confirmation. It is complained that Nonconformists are responsible to some extent for this; but one of the leading High Church papers says that since Truro is almost in the position of a missionary diocese it is becoming a settled conviction that no serious aggressive work will be commenced before there is some change in the administration.

Canon Mason, whose good work in Truro will never be forgotten, spoke on John Wesley at the Finsbury Polytechnic on Sunday, March 1. It was evident that the lecturer had thoroughly studied the subject; but, truth to tell, the discourse was much too long, and a trifle dull. The most interesting part was the account of the collision between Bishop Butler, the author of the "Analogy," and Wesley, who was then preaching in the Bishop's diocese. At the time, Wesley's preaching was sending people into convulsions, which Wesley made no attempt to discourage. "You have no business here," said Butler. "I advise you to go hence." "Wherever," replied Wesley, "I think I can do most good, there must I stay so long as I think so." "Sir," said the Bishop, "the pretending to extraordinary revelations and gifts of the Holy Ghost is a horrid thing—a very horrid thing."

It is no secret that the interest in the Bampton Lectures was decaying very much in Oxford; in fact, it has been whispered that there was a chance that the appointment of a lecturer might occasionally be allowed to lapse. But Mr. Gore has changed all that. There was such a crowd at the last Bampton Lecture as has not been seen in St. Mary's since Canon Liddon preached his last sermon there, and every sign that the interest would be maintained, and even increased. Mr. Gore spoke of the necessity of a true theory of the Person of Christ, in order to the maintenance of the supremacy of moral law, and made graceful and touching allusion to Canon Liddon. With more of the graces of the orator—and these he is acquiring—Mr. Gore would undoubtedly be one of the first preachers in the Church of England.

A very clear proof—if proof had been needed—of the large catholicity of the Dean of Wells is the fact that one moiety of his residuary estate is to be divided equally among the C.E.T.S., the S.P.G., the C.M.S., the S.P.C.K., and King's College Hospital. The literary remains of the Dean could not be in better hands than those of Prebendary Gibson, and it is to be hoped he will see his way to prepare a memoir. Dr. Plumtre was a good correspondent, and his circle of friends was exceptionally wide and distinguished.

The Wesleyan Centenary services have been an almost unqualified success. The meetings were crowded, and the enthusiasm was great and sustained. The chief pronouncement of the occasion was Dr. Dale's sermon, which was delivered with much oratorical power; and the president, Dr. Moulton, of the Leys School, Cambridge, acquitted himself to admiration throughout. A statue of John Wesley has been placed in front of City Road Chapel, with the singular warning prefixed on a board that persons presuming to photograph it will be prosecuted! Boards were hung out when the space inside was occupied bearing the legend "Chapel quite full."

The Archbishop of York's library, which has been sold by auction, contained few rare examples among its 6000 volumes, and the prices obtained were not remarkable. But a first edition of Browning's "Bells and Pomegranates," in half-morocco, brought £8 15s. Mr. Gladstone's "Homer and the Homeric Age," in two volumes, brought no less than £3 2s. 6d. This is the only work of Mr. Gladstone's I have ever seen sold at more than the published price.

The Archbishop of Canterbury preached on Sunday morning, March 8, at St. Jude's, South Kensington, in aid of the funds of the mission to the Assyrian Christians. He said he was permitted to appeal, on behalf of an oppressed Church, to a congregation justly esteemed one of the most generous in England. He described the objects of the mission, and sketched briefly the history of the Assyrian Church.

The Archbishop of York preached a farewell sermon at Peterborough Cathedral on the afternoon of Sunday, March 8, the Mayor and Corporation attending, and one of the largest congregations seen in recent years assembling. The Archbishop said that the position was altogether unsought after, unlooked for, and undreamed of. Now and during his twenty-two years in the diocese of Peterborough he found the tide of Church life and the standard of Church work distinctly rising there, as it was all over England. The greatest, wisest, and holiest man ever consecrated to the office of bishop might well shrink and tremble as he looked back over a twenty-two years' episcopate. In bidding them farewell he did so with a consciousness of much opportunity lost and work undone.

The Hon. R. M. Acton requests us to state that there is no truth in the rumour that he has joined the English Church.

## SCIENCE JOTTINGS.

BY DR. ANDREW WILSON.

That the sun is a great enemy of germs is a fact by no means so thoroughly realised by the public as it should be. Sunlight, or even ordinary daylight itself, as distinguished in commonplace fashion from sunlight, is known experimentally to kill bacteria, bacilli, and the omnipresent hosts of living particles that everywhere beset us. The bearing of this fact upon the admission of plenty of light to our houses is obvious. I never see a house built in the Queen Anne style (an evidence of æsthetic taste, no doubt, but a barbarous backsliding in house-construction for all that) without thinking that the architect should have been instructed in bacteriology, and in the value of plenty of light as a necessary condition of health. In days when the window tax was in vogue, one could understand the limitation of light. Nowadays, we seem still to lack appreciation of the value of the sun as a factor in promoting our mental and physical happiness. Even the worthy dames who preside over our households are given to think just a little too much of the colours of their carpets, and too little of the health of their domiciles. They rush to pull down blinds on every and any occasion when the sun appears on their especial horizon. Even Board schools may be seen constructed with windows which do not admit an amount of light necessary for the proper and easy pursuit of educational tasks. "Light!—more light!" is the cry of the sanitarian; and I can only heartily wish he (and we) may get it!

Now for the scientific evidence that light is a foe to germ-life, and, therefore, a friend to health. Dr. Arthur Downes has submitted to the Royal Society various contributions bearing on this topic. Together with Mr. T. P. Blunt, Dr. Downes has investigated fully the question of light and its effects on germ-development. Light seems thus to exercise a direct effect on germs, rather than to affect the medium in which they grow; and the more refrangible rays are the most active in killing the microbes. The presence of oxygen helps the light in its beneficent work, the influence of the sun's rays being apparently due to the oxidation of the germ-matter. In this sense, light and fresh air, to put the matter plainly, go hand-in-hand. Dr. E. Duclaux has also experimented on this natural destruction of germs, and one may well conceive that the sun and air together must be responsible for keeping in check millions of microbes which otherwise would increase materially the already big "dem'd tittle" of disease, as Mr. Mantalini would have expressed it. Certain very hardy spores (or youthful forms) of a bacillus were killed after thirty-five days' exposure to an autumnal sun. In the dark, such spores survived for three years. Perhaps the dryness of the spores is a condition which may also operate powerfully for their destruction. For we learn that, in experimenting on six kinds of disease-producing microbes, forty days of sunlight killed, and a less exposure weakened them. When dried, eight days of sunlight killed them. In July, all died when they had been exposed for three days at a window with a south exposure. The sun shone on the window only from nine to one o'clock each day, and the heat did not exceed 102 deg. Fahrenheit.

Dr. Downes also adds that the spores of anthrax (or splenic fever) germs—which, by the way, are particularly hard to kill—die in two hours, or even less, exposure to direct sunlight in the months from March to October. The bacillus of consumption did not develop after twenty minutes' exposure. Diphtheria-poison also, it seems, is rapidly modified, scotched, if not killed, by exposure to sunlight and air. In the absence of the oxygen of the air, the action of killing the latter microbes is only slight. Dr. Koch himself teaches that the bacilli or germs of consumption rapidly succumb to sunlight; and even ordinary daylight will kill these germs in from five to seven days, if they are exposed in compact masses in a window. After these revelations, let nobody decry light, and plenty of it. Darkness and death are really boon companions: it is the sunlight which is the life-giving, disease-killing factor; and this is another of the many boons we owe to the solar rays.

There is a small worm-like mollusc, possessing two small shells and belonging to the oyster and mussel tribe, called the *Teredo*. Linnaeus called it the *calamitas navium*, and popularly the animal is known as the "ship-worm." Now, this mollusc has acquired an unenviable notoriety as a foe of the wooden piles which support piers and dykes. It bores into these structures, and, riddling them with its burrows, renders them weak, and finally causes their collapse. The Dutch know the teredo to their cost and alarm, since it has attacked the piles on which their dykes are supported times without number. A curious observation in connection with the ship-worm recently came under my notice. A pile which had been in the water of the N.W. American coast for thirty days only, was riddled with teredo-borings to an extent which rendered it useless for the purpose for which the pile was intended. A section of the wood about a foot in diameter showed 212 burrows. The teredo uses its shells as a boring apparatus, and lines its burrow with a kind of shelly secretion. Brunel is said (with what degree of truth I know not) to have taken his idea of boring the Thames Tunnel from the teredo's method of work; but one may well be sceptical of such historical incidents. It is so easy, when one sees a likeness between human and animal contrivances, to assume a genetic connection, and to credit the latter with giving the idea of the former.

Some time ago, a correspondent wrote to me asking for an explanation of a peculiarity he had observed in a child who was accustomed, as he put it, to write backwards. In replying to my correspondent, I asked for a sample of the writing, but, up to the present time, I have not been favoured with a reply. As the circumstance is of some interest, I may refer my correspondent to my friend Dr. Ireland's interesting volume entitled "The Blot on the Brain," for a succinct account of the phenomena of this so-called "mirror-writing." The subjects of this peculiarity write habitually in a fashion paralleled by that which is shown when normal writing is held before a mirror. In other words, the mirror-writer writes from right to left. The Hebrews and Arabs write in this way, as also did the Etruscans. Is mirror-writing, then, when it occurs to-day, a survival of a past habit, seeing that the Syrians, who are credited with introducing letters into Europe, were a Semitic race? And, as Dr. Ireland inquires, is the brain-image of the mirror-writer reversed like a photographic negative? Or, if a double image is formed in the sight-centres of the two halves of the brain, are these images placed in opposite directions?—thus, C on the right side, and Q (or the letter reversed) on the left side.

Considerable excitement was caused at Richmond, Yorkshire, the other day by the escape of a large tiger from Wombwell's Menagerie. The animal entered the Duke of Cleveland's Raby Park, where it destroyed a number of valuable deer and sheep.



## OF A MORRISON'S PILL.

BY FREDERICK GREENWOOD.

Mr. Morrison, "of Wandsworth Prison," has written a little book about "Crime and its Causes," and in a certain page of this little book we light upon a passage which sets the mind a-thinking very seriously.

Mr. Morrison's business is with criminals; his study is crime; and he says, among many other things well worthy of attention, that "in all countries where women are accustomed to share largely in the active work of life with men female crime has a distinct tendency to reach its maximum." It is so everywhere. The tendency is illustrated by the yearly record of crime in this island—that is to say, "in the high percentage of female crime in Scotland." "Depending little upon man for their subsistence, in all economic matters leading what is called a more emancipated life than women do elsewhere, they also resemble him in criminal proclivities. Scotch criminal statistics are a striking confirmation of the general law revealed by the study of criminal statistics as a whole—namely, that the more women are driven to enter upon the economic struggle for life the more criminal they will become."

Now, here is a sad look-out! It is possible, of course, that Mr. Morrison and his statistics may be in error; but there is nothing in the nature of the case to forbid belief in them. Even without such testimony, indeed, the conclusion they present to us would have been a fair inference from what is known of human nature and its lapses from rectitude under hardship. But what if it be really true? Why, then there is all the more reason to doubt whether the incursion of women into all sorts of manly employments should be reckoned among the improvements of the age. That it may be a necessity—that it is a necessity—we all understand. The wealth of the country and its savings are increasing at a prodigious rate; but among the professional and trading classes (to go no lower) they do not make a fund large enough to counterbalance the preponderance of women in the population by providing for the unmarried ones. If, indeed, the professional and trading classes did not choose to live "like their neighbours"—that is to say, if Five Hundred a Year did not so often think it judicious to live like Seven Hundred, Seven Hundred like a Thousand, and so on—much more of such provision would be easy. But that is not the way in England, which would be saved a world of ill if its middle-class families—and especially those of the lower middle class—could only bring themselves to live more dignified and homely lives. As it is, who but the women themselves find wisdom in putting on the utmost appearance of wealth and "gentility" compatible with making both ends meet? The men too, no doubt, but with less persistency than the women; and yet it is they who suffer most by the mistake. Thousands of young women have to go down into the labour market and fight for a living, who, but for that mistake, might have been spared the fighting; and there in the market they have to strive with thousands more for whom no provision was ever possible.

So it is in England at the close of the nineteenth century, and we must make the best of it. Every year, it seems, a greater number of women have none to work for them out in the world; and so out into the world they must go, with full freedom and opportunity to win their own way. I know that many intelligent persons, together with a far larger number of merely cultured ones, rejoice that it should be so. The freedom which only means no hindrance to necessary slaving they call "emancipation"; looking forward to glorious results in an enlargement of mind and a development of muscle—but no, that is cruel farce; an enlargement of mind, an unsealing of latent powers, that must enhance the common stock of intellect and morality. They seem to think it good for the whole community, a sign of advancement and the promise of more, that great numbers of women should be found fighting in the labour market for the work of men. It is no pleasant sight to me, but a cruel and most unpromising one. Every man to his opinion: mine is that the noblest and happiest community is that where the greatest number of men keep clear of care, and high above the petty degradations of want, the greatest number of women. Labour ever was and is the lot of women in barbarism, and civilisation will not be served where there is any frequency of return to it. It would be different, perhaps, if all the work of the world were intellectual, artistic, inspiring, ennobling; which one would really think it is who listens in ignorance to what is said of the elevation of women by sharing the career of men. We all know that not a tenth of the work of the world is anything of the kind, and that not a tenth of the people in it, male or female, would be capable of doing it if it were. It is not all writing novels, painting pictures, composing music, healing the sick, or sitting as hon. members in the House of Commons. The work that men do is, for nineteen twentieths of it, drudgery—dull, monotonous, mind-cramping drudgery; much of it absolutely mean and sordid, and hardly to be carried on without submission to the practice of little tricks and customs far from ennobling. How many men are there who go in and out of the City—honest men, as times go and circumstance allows—how many of them would like to have wife or daughter at their elbow all day long to see what sordid little "dodges" swell the year's income, the humiliations they have to endure, the severities they have to inflict; or even to watch the fluctuating hopes and anxieties under which the money-earning is carried on? Very few, I take it; and when these same men say that they would rather see women confined to the sphere which some of them are learning to contempt—namely, the domestic sphere—it is not because they are selfishly afraid of competition, neither because they would have women remain household slaves, but for reasons that would be called chivalrous if they were properly described.

Still, there is the fact that (not to put too fine a point on it) there are not enough men in the country to make homes for all the women. Many of them, and more and more at every generation, must compete with men for work and gain; and here comes Mr. Morrison with his statistics to tell us that one certain result of that will be an increasing number of female criminals! What consolation is there for that? Only this, apparently: that if there were no preponderance of girl children, a greater number of boys would grow up to swell the number of criminals per thousand of the population.

## CHESS.

TO CORRESPONDENTS.

Communications for this department should be addressed to the Chess Editor.

W D (Cardiff).—Your last letter quite disarms us. We have not yet decided about your problem, but it shall receive none the less favourable consideration for which you say. You must remember, however, the merits of a problem alone R takes R (ch), what about B to Q 5th?

Da F St.—Amended diagram received, and as we have not yet examined original position, it fortunately comes in good time.

W BARRETT.—Your regret is shared by ourselves, as the problem was a very good one. How the "Cook" escaped notice before publication puzzles us.

J M D (Edinburgh).—It is not. The defence is B to B 5th.

H B H (Hampstead).—Yes, on a post-card, if you like.

J W B (Hyde Park).—Your analysis is a careful one, but you have overlooked the effect of the defence B to B 5th. If, now, 2. Kt to Kt 2nd (ch), Black replies with K takes B, and there is no mate. The problem is well constructed.

F G T (Bristol).—The reward of your patience shall come shortly. One of yours is next in turn for publication.

H F B (Weybridge).—You have apparently addressed your complaint to the wrong column. We published no such game as you mention.

R E (Dresden).—The solution commences with 1. P takes P (en passant), and the continuation is obvious. An analysis of the position will show you that the only possible move for Black immediately preceding was P from Q 2nd to Q 4th.

W R RAILLUM.—In reply to R takes R (ch), Black answers with R takes R (ch)?

J W G TEN HONES (Delft, Holland).—Your problem is not without merit, but the dual mates render it unacceptable to English ideas of accuracy in two-movers.

CORRECT SOLUTIONS OF PROBLEM No. 2442 received from J A Colby (Springfield, U.S.A.); of No. 2443 from J W Shaw (Montreal), E Bliss (Holyoke, Mass., U.S.A.), J A Colby, and Rev John Willis (Barnstable, U.S.A.); of No. 2444 from W Hanrahan (Rush), J A Colby, W H Greenbrook, M Mullendorf (Luxembour), C E Peruzzi, D Meloy (Galway), J Gould, E P Vulliamy, R Mansell, W Randall, E G Boys, A H B, and W Randall; of No. 2446 from Captain J A Challice, D W, M Mullendorf, W Hanrahan, Nellie Gales, Allen P Kidney (Manchester), Columbus, and Joseph T Pullen (Lancaster).

CORRECT SOLUTIONS OF PROBLEM No. 2447 received from Thomas Chown, D W, Nellie Gales, J L Ralph, Martin P, E J Hawkins (Woburn), Winnie Tucker (Leeds), I. Desance (Rome), H B Hurlford, Dr F St, J Dixon, E London, H H Quilter (Worcester), R Worters (Canterbury), Lieut-Colonel Lorraine (Brighton), C E Peruzzi, D Meloy (Galway), J Gould, E P Vulliamy, R Mansell, W Randall, W R B (Plymouth), J Hall, T Roberts, E H, T G (Ware), M Burke, W R Raillem, A Newman, G Joicey, Columbus, T G Creah, R Banoclat, Blair H Goehane, J Humble, Julia Short (Exeter), M A Eyre (Dorham), C M A B, Fr Fernando (Dublin), Mrs Kelly (of Kelly), W H Reed (Liverpool), B D Knox, Spec, Dr Walz (Heidelberg), W T Hurley (Rochester), Shadforth, J H Garrett (Dublin), R H Brooks, and G Jeffery.

SOLUTION OF PROBLEM No. 2445.—By W. BARRETT.

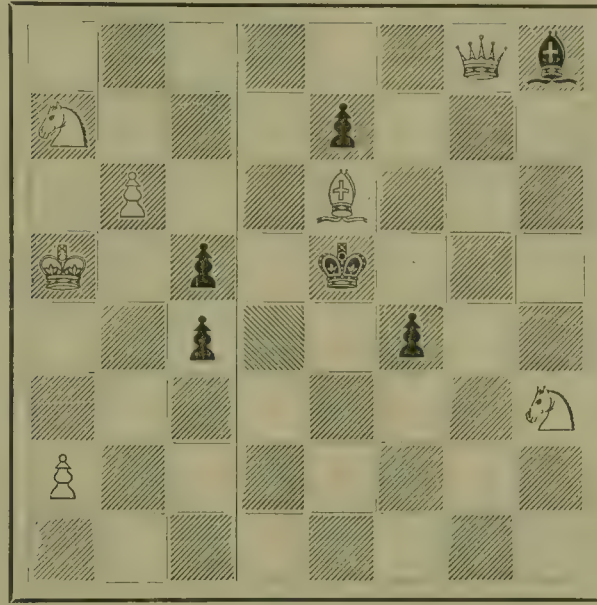
WHITE. BLACK.  
1. B to R 6th. Kt takes R  
2. Q to Q 6th (ch). K takes Q  
3. B to B 8th. Mate.

There are other variations, but the problem admits of another solution by 1. B to K 3rd (ch), &amp;c.

PROBLEM No. 2449.

By C. A. GILBERG.

BLACK.



WHITE.

White to play, and mate in three moves.

CHESS BY CORRESPONDENCE.

The following instructive specimen of the Steinitz Gambit between the Dundee Chess Club and the Arlington Club of Glasgow occurred in a little match by correspondence, which has just terminated in favour of the former. Notes by G. B. Fraser.

(Steinitz Gambit.)

WHITE (Dundee Club).	BLACK (Arlington Club).	WHITE (Dundee Club).	BLACK (Arlington Club).
1. P to K 4th	P to K 4th	and White's position is somewhat crowded.	
2. Q Kt to B 3rd	Q Kt to B 3rd		
3. P to K B 4th	P takes P		
4. P to Q 4th	Q to R 5th (ch)		
5. K to K 2nd	P to Q 4th		
6. P takes P	Q to K 2nd (ch)		
7. K to B 2nd	Q to R 5th (ch)		
8. P to K Kt 3rd	P takes P (ch)		
9. K to Kt 2nd	B to Q 3rd		
10. Q to K sq (ch)	Q to K 2nd		
A defence rarely adopted and inferior to those usually found in Zukertort's and Blackburne's illustrations of this opening.			
11. B to K Kt 5th	Q takes Q		
For the result of P to K B 3rd see a fully played game between Steinitz and Selman in the 1883 "Book of the Tournament."			
12. R takes Q (ch)	Kt to K 2nd		
13. P takes P	B to K B 4th		
14. Kt to K 4th			
Up to this point the moves on both sides are those recommended by Steinitz in his notes to a specimen of this opening between two experts.			
15. B to B sq	P to K B 3rd		
It was considered better to retreat the Bishop to this square in preference to Q 2nd on account of the following probable continuation: 15. B to Q 2nd, B takes Kt; 16. R takes B, P to K B 4th; 17. R to K 6th, K Kt to B 3rd; 18. P to Q B 4th, Kt to K 5th; 19. B to K sq;			
		15. Castles	
		16. Kt takes B (ch)	R takes Kt
		17. P to Q B 4th	P to K Kt 4th
		18. Kt to K B 3rd	P to K R 4th
		19. P to Q Kt 3rd	Kt to Kt 3rd
		20. Kt to Q 2nd	
		An excellent move, which ultimately relieves White of the adversaries' obnoxious Bishop, and yields an immediate advantage.	
		20. P to K R 5th	
		21. Kt to K 4th	B takes Kt (ch)
		22. R takes B	Kt to R 3rd
		23. P to K Kt 4th	
		The advance of this Pawn is well timed, and exercises an important influence on White's position.	
		23. R to K R 2nd	
		It is difficult to select any better move for Black.	
		24. B to Q 3rd	R to K 2nd
		25. R to K B sq	
		An unexpected and forcible rejoinder, which completely wrecks their opponents' game.	
		25. R to Kt 2nd	
		26. P to Q B 5th	R takes P
		27. R takes P	Kt to K B 2nd
		28. B to Q B 4th	P to Q 2nd
		29. R to K 8th (ch)	Kt to Q sq
		30. B to K 6th, and wins.	

At the City of London Chess Club, two rounds have now been played in the contest for the championship of the club, with the result that Messrs. Loman, Manlove, and Carnock have each won two games; Messrs. Ingoldby and M-catta have each won one and a half; while Messrs. Block, Morlan, Gibbons, Owen Jones, and C. J. Cutler have won one game.

The Oxford and Cambridge University Clubs have arranged to play a combined match against the City of London Club, at the Salutation Tavern, Newgate Street, on Tuesday, March 17, commencing at 7 p.m.

The Rev. G. A. Macdonnell visited the Hastings Chess Club on March 4, and gave a successful exhibition of simultaneous play. He encountered twenty-five of the leading members of the club, and in five hours he defeated eleven opponents, drew with ten, and lost to four. The arrangements were all of a satisfactory nature, thanks to the exertions of the honorary secretary, Mr. E. Dobell. The Hastings Club now numbers seventy-five members, and meets regularly at the Queen's Hotel.

The match between Messrs. Tinsley and Muller, some of the games in which have already appeared in this column, resulted in favour of the former by seven games to nil, three games being drawn. Such a score, however, can hardly represent the difference between the two opponents, and the loser certainly seems to have played much below his usual form. Mr. Tinsley's play, on the other hand, was characterised by all that force and vigour which attracted so much attention to his performances in the last British Chess Association.

## RUSSIAN PRISONERS IN SIBERIA.

The following is a continuation of the account of the Russian prisoners visited by our Special Artist, Mr. Julius M. Price, who writes from Krasnoyarsk on Jan. 11, a month after his arrival in that town by travelling in a sledge from Yeniseisk:—

I had been informed that a large convoy of prisoners was expected from Tomsk, so I drove out to meet it. It was a long drive before we met the detachment. I distinguished a faint, far-away sort of sound, so peculiar and so weird that it immediately arrested my attention. It reminded me something of hundreds and hundreds of small birds singing—yet I could see no signs of life anywhere. I drew my driver's attention to it: to him it was evidently a familiar sound, for he informed me it was the "Arrestanti" coming—and so it was; for, shortly after, on ascending a slight rise in the road, we came in sight of a big crowd of men coming slowly along, and then I discovered that the peculiar noise that had so struck me was produced by the clanking of the chains they wore! No other sound was heard, for the thick snow effectually muffled their footsteps. It was a ghostly sort of apparition coming thus suddenly upon us, this silent crowd dragging its way slowly and painfully along to the jingling accompaniment of the chains.

There must have been at least a hundred prisoners, a nasty-looking lot of men, evidently the worst felons of Russia, yet there were few soldiers—thirty or forty at most. In the rear of the column were about twenty ordinary peasant sledges, with women, children, a few sick men, and miscellaneous baggage—and, lastly, a very comfortable covered sledge, in which reclined the officer in command of the soldiers. All the drivers of the sledges, including that of the officer's, were soldiers, and had their rifles, with fixed bayonets, across their knees. Only a few of the prisoners were in prison garb, though all were in chains; some were smoking cigarettes.

The "Perasilny" at Krasnoyarsk is the dépôt for all prisoners on arrival there. It is a large building, next to the "Ostrog," or regular prison. Prisoners remain in it until it is decided whether they are to proceed farther or serve their punishment in the Krasnoyarsk Jail. The politeness and assistance which I have everywhere received at the hands of Russian officials since I have been in Siberia was continued to me here; and I was not only allowed to roam alone among the prisoners, and make as many sketches as I pleased, but also to wander all over the buildings, under the guidance of a warder. The prisoners were told off to unload the sledges which had accompanied them, and to take themselves and their baggage into the Perasilny (dépot). Then followed the "verification" of the prisoners. In a large bare whitewashed room sat the officer who had brought the detachment, and two prison officials with a heap of papers before them. All the prisoners were in an adjoining room, at the door of which stood the "Starosta," or "captain" of the prisoners, a man elected by the prisoners themselves, and who on all occasions acts as their spokesman. It is difficult to find out on what particular merits he is thus elected—perhaps it is that they all fear him, or that he is known to be the biggest villain among them. At any rate, from all accounts, the "Starosta" has such unbounded influence and power among his fellows that if he were to decree the death of one of them there is no doubt whatever that the sentence would be carried out. As a matter of fact, cases of the kind have been known; and nothing could be done, for the crime could not be traced to any particular individual. The sort of liberty in the prison which Siberian criminals are allowed make such goings-on possible—and a prisoner who is in the bad books of his "Starosta" must have a very bad time of it, for he can be knocked about with impunity, and would never dare to report it. I have heard of an incident which happened quite recently which will give some idea of the freedom of prison life here. A prisoner had the foolishness to inform the officials of the intended escape of three of the most desperate characters of the prison. Whether he did it out of revenge or to suit his own ends is not known. At any rate, his treason (for such it would undoubtedly be considered among the prisoners) somehow got to be known, and his death was decreed; but the officials heard of his danger, and he was removed to another room. Capital punishment, except in very exceptional cases, does not exist in Siberia, so the prisoners know they have got the worst they can get, and are absolutely reckless. There are many with a list of murders and other crimes against them which would probably make an English criminal open his eyes.

The prisoners, passing through this town on their way to their destination, remain in the Perasilny but a short time, till a detachment is starting for the prison or mine to which they are consigned. I was permitted to roam about with my sketch-book quite alone. It was a most gloomy scene—the groups of evil and sullen-looking men loafing about the spacious courtyard which echoed and re-echoed to the clanking of their chains. Looking at most of them, one could not help thinking how fortunate it was that they were thus caged up and out of the way. They seemed, however, to be pretty well free to do what they pleased, for I noticed many were smoking, and altogether were having a much better time of it than English convicts have. Their principal occupation while I was there was evidently criticising the new arrivals as they individually made their appearance inside the door. It is the custom in Siberian prisons for a new comer, if he be unknown to any of the rest, to stand a sort of feast to them all, and I saw that outside the big doors of the courtyard was a little crowd of peasant women selling black bread, tea, and sugar to the prisoners, through a hole in the wall. One particular ruffian struck me as having such a wonderfully characteristic head that I got him to stand while I made a sketch of him. At the time of making it I did not know what his crime was. It was, however, evidently something very bad, for he was exceptionally heavily "ironed," and wore the prison garb. I afterwards learnt that he was on his way to the mines for fifteen years' hard labour; that he had murdered no less than four people, and had before been many times in prison for other crimes. The system here of shaving half the head while the prisoner is on the march struck me as being a particularly good one, for it is a wonderful preventive of running away. Still, in spite of it, many prisoners elude their guards, and then probably remain hidden till their hair has grown again, while with the aid of friends they manage to get rid of their chains.

All prisoners committing offences at Krasnoyarsk are taken before the Chief of the Police, who, if the charge be only a petty one, disposes of it himself; but if it be of a grave nature, or they be old offenders, they are sent for trial at the High Court, before the judge of the district. The police court is an ordinary room, in which sits the police commandant with his officers around. The prisoners are brought in in charge of either a Cossack or a soldier. In the scene that appears in the sketch, the officer on the left is reading the charge sheet at a table strewn with papers and books, with a red table cloth trimmed with gold fringe. The large stand of gilt carved wood, surmounted by the double eagle, contains the "Ukase" or proclamation of the late Czar, displayed in all Government buildings.





ARRIVAL OF A CONVOY OF RUSSIAN CONVICTS AT KRASNOIARSK.



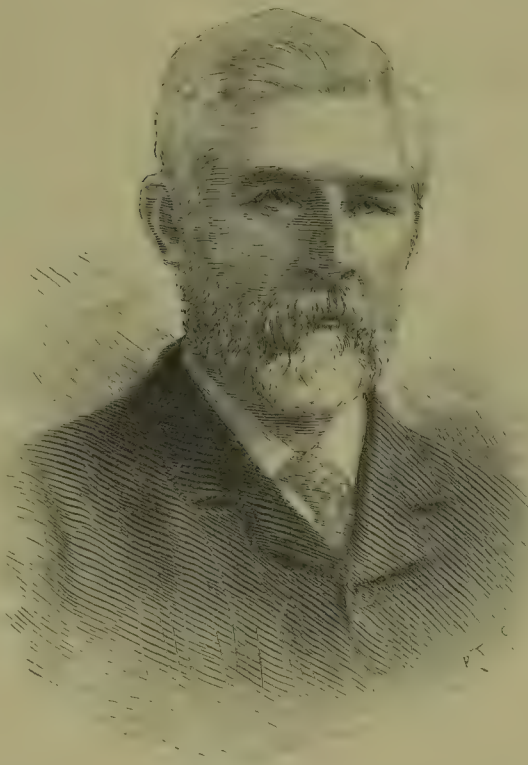
OLD OFFENDERS IN THE POLICE COURT AT KRASNOIARSK.

RUSSIAN CRIMINAL PRISONERS IN SIBERIA: SKETCHES BY OUR SPECIAL ARTIST, MR. JULIUS M. PRICE.



## THE ANGLO-FRENCH SUBMARINE TELEPHONE.

The laying of the telephone cable across the Channel from St. Margaret's Bay, near Dover, to Sangatte, near Calais, is an operation of much scientific and practical interest. During the past ten years many large cities have been connected by telephone lines. A merchant in London can talk with one in Birmingham, a citizen of Edinburgh with a friend in Dundee; Paris can "speak through" to Brussels and Marseilles; Chicago to New York, by a line over 1000 miles in length. But submarine telephony is yet in its infancy. The late Mr. R. A. Proctor predicted that a whisper would ere long pass beneath the Atlantic Ocean, which none of the waves above it would drown. We are still far from this imaginary consummation, though a beginning has been made. Fourteen years elapsed from the opening of the first land telegraph line to the laying of the first submarine cable, and only fourteen years have passed since the telephone was invented. But submarine telephony is more difficult than overland. The same process which insulates a telegraph wire will insulate a telephone line, but the trouble lies with induction. When a charge of electricity traverses the core of a submarine cable it induces an opposite charge in the surrounding water, and these two charges attract each other. The signal currents in a long cable are delayed from this cause; at the sending end of the line they are distinct pulses of current, but at the receiving end they are blended into a continuous undercurrent. In like manner, the fine electrical undulations of the telephone, corresponding to the vibrations of the voice, are blurred even in a short cable, as cables have been hitherto made; the speech they are intended to reproduce is muffled or altogether silenced. Fifty miles of ordinary cable are enough to thicken the articulation, and one hundred miles would destroy it. The limit of good speaking on the telephone line depends on the product of its total resistance and total inductive capacity—that is to say, the resistance of the wire to the passage of the current multiplied by its capacity for induction. Mr. W. H. Preece, F.R.S., the chief electrician to the Post Office, has worked out the calculations for different kinds of telephone cables. These conditions determine the design of a telephone cable; the size of the wire, the thickness of the insulator, and its inductive capacity.



THE LATE SIR WILLIAM KIRBY GREEN, K.C.M.G.,  
BRITISH MINISTER IN MOROCCO.

In 1889 Mr. Preece designed a river cable to cross the estuary of the La Plata and connect the cities of Buenos Ayres and Montevideo by telephone. It was twenty-eight miles long, but the bronze overhead wires brought the total length of the line to 186 miles; nevertheless, the speaking is very good. In the same year the telephonic system of France came into the hands of the Administration des Postes et Télégraphes. The General Post Office Department in England agreed to purchase the Channel cables of the Submarine Telegraph Company as a joint property. Their next step was to project a telephone line and cable from London to Paris. At the British Association meeting of 1889 Mr. Preece expressed his faith in the feasibility of such a project, and subsequently the work was undertaken. The total distance from London to Paris is only 271 miles, comprising 70 miles from London to Dover, 21 from Dover to Calais, and 180 from Calais to Paris. By adopting the loop circuit the length of wire needed is twice 271, or 542 miles, including 42 miles of submarine core. It was decided to make two separate lines with a common cable having four conductors, and belonging to both Governments. The English land lines are of copper wire, weighing 400 lb. to the mile; the French are of the same material, but weigh twice as much per mile. The wires are elevated on poles 30 ft. above the ground. The connecting submarine cable, designed by Mr. Preece and his assistant, Mr. H. R. Kempe, contains four separate cores or insulated wires, each consisting of a strand of seven copper wires, weighing 160 lb. per nautical mile or knot, and having a resistance of 7.478 to 7.632 ohms per knot, at a temperature of 75 deg. Fahr., and coated with layers of Chatterton's compound and gutta-percha, weighing 300 lb. per knot. The capacity of each knot of core does not exceed 0.3045 microfarads, and its insulation resistance is not less than 500 megohms, at 75 deg. Fahr. The result is considered sufficient to ensure good telephonic speaking. The cores are served with tanned hemp and sheathed with sixteen galvanised iron wires, each 0.28 in. thick, and having a breaking stress of 3500 lb. The cable has been made by Messrs. Siemens Brothers, of Charlton, and laid by the cable-steamer Monarch, belonging to the Post Office. The operations of landing the French end and connecting it with the Calais line were successfully performed on Monday, March 9, after which the Monarch brought over the cable to Dover. Our Views are from sketches by Mr. T. Shafto Connell on board that vessel.



ST. MARGARET'S BAY, NEAR DOVER, THE ENGLISH END OF THE TELEPHONE CABLE.



SANGATTE, NEAR CALAIS, THE FRENCH END OF THE TELEPHONE CABLE.



LANDING THE ANGLO-FRENCH TELEPHONE CABLE AT SANGATTE.



## THE LADIES' COLUMN.

BY MRS. FENWICK-MILLER.

It is pleasant to see the improvement in her Majesty's health and energies which the Empress Frederick's visits produce. The Queen has really done wonders recently, considering her age and her quiet habits: the visit to Portsmouth, the Drawing-Room, the Horse Show, the theatricals, and the private reception of several favoured personages make up a considerable programme. Doubtless, many people suppose that royal ceremonials involve but light labour; but the strain on the nerves is in reality no trivial matter. To be the one object on which the "magnetism," the attention, and the eyes of thousands are concentrated all through the progress of a formal ceremony is something of an ordeal. The Princess of Wales goes through it with charming ease, looking as though she were enjoying herself, which is the very best way that she possibly can look; for the most sure means of pleasing others is to make them believe that they are pleasing to us. The Empress Frederick, strong and well-poised in mind, appears really unconscious of the weight of popular attention. Another royal Princess bears herself in such scenes with an air of conscientiously performing a laborious duty; and yet another, a young Princess, on the only occasion on which I saw her fulfilling a "function," herself the leading personage of the ceremony, looked so pale and nervous that one involuntarily felt for her and wished her well through. Her Majesty's quiet dignity of manner, her readiness, her observation, and her attention, to every person and every incident, are perfect; but that it is all done at the expense of nervous strain is, nevertheless, perceptible.

It was a pity that the two Houses of Parliament dealt so scornfully with the question of London smoke. There is hardly any topic of more immediate importance to the five million inhabitants of the Metropolis, for it is literally a question of life and death. During the long-continued fogs that lately afflicted London, the death-rate was raised from nineteen to twenty-nine per thousand, for several successive weeks. This is really appalling, when one reflects that it means that there are lying in their graves to-day some thousands of our fellow-creatures who would have still been alive had they resided elsewhere than in London, or had the deadly fogs not visited our city so severely. Many of these extra deaths were those of people in the prime of life and the height of activity, for it is such persons who are most exposed to weather, and least able to lay up and nurse themselves in good time. Motherless children, households deprived of their bread-winners, parents mourning for their darlings—misery and loss caused, absolutely caused, by fogs charged with poisonous gases, ought to arouse something more than the perfunctory attention that the House of Commons gave to a question, or the sneers and indifference with which Lord Stratheden and Campbell's Bill was received in the House of Lords. I know that I shall be agreed with here in the hundreds of thousands of London homes where sickness, from lung disorder, has been since the fog set in trying the strength in anxious nursing of the wife and mother, or compelling her to lay down the reins of her household and watch impotently from her own bed of pain and danger how her home suffers by her removal from activity.

What is the remedy? That is precisely what the Houses of Parliament should discover, in order that legislation may apply it. Nothing can prevent London, set in a river valley, from suffering from fogs, but it must be quite practicable to have those fogs kept comparatively free from

the smoke and the irritating gases produced by imperfect combustion, which are what make them really injurious. The suggestion that gas shall be compulsorily used in all our homes for heating and cooking instead of coal is not practical. Gas is far too expensive for use as fuel by persons of limited means. It would require new stoves everywhere; and these stoves are too troublesome for the ordinary servant to manage. Moreover, there are thousands of poor London houses where the gas is not even laid on, because it is too costly a form of light, for one thing, and because, for another thing, the gas bill cannot be fairly divided between the several families inhabiting the separate rooms of the house. Yet all those poor homes contribute their proportion to the waste coal that makes a week of fog more fatal to Londoners than an incursion of cholera or an epidemic of typhoid. Gas cannot be universally employed, and what is wanted is something that can be compulsorily required from everybody residing in London, and obtained, more or less, just as proper drainage is now.

Lord Salisbury says that there is not any means known by which domestic fireplaces can be made to condense and consume their own smoke. But then somebody else comes forward and declares that there is already such an invention, and that it could be fitted to all fireplaces at the small cost of ten shillings each. Whether this has been practically tested I know not, but I am quite sure that if there is not already such an invention there might soon be, were there an effective demand for it. Human ingenuity, which has invented the steam-engine, the electric telegraph, and all the other mechanical wonders of this modern world, will surely not be baffled before the problem of domestic smoke-prevention, would Parliament only give due attention to the question. This is precisely one of those cases where State interference is needful, because the careless and the poor prevent us from securing the end in view by private effort. If half the inhabitants of London should adopt smoke-preventive appliances, and the other half remain unprovided, the state of the city would be little better than now. To secure obedience to a law requiring chimneys to be provided with smoke-consuming apparatus would be no more difficult than to enforce our present sanitary laws.

When the fog has done its work, and the irritated mucous membrane has "taken cold," it is of the first importance not to neglect the symptoms. A couple of days' confinement to the house, supplemented by a warm bath and fluid food, are often necessary. A valuable auxiliary appears to be the remedy supplied by the Carbolic Smoke Ball Company, of 27, Prince's Street, Hanover Square, and prescribed now by many eminent physicians. It is a small ball of porous stuff, which contains that valuable disinfectant, so powerful in destroying germs dangerous to human life, and thereby restoring healthy action. This is put up in combination with other ingredients that enable the carbolic to penetrate in the not disagreeable form of fine vapour through the nose, throat, and lungs. The value of carbolic vapour in checking hooping-cough and asthma has long been known, but it has never been available before in a form so convenient as in the Carbolic Smoke Ball, or so suitable for use at the onset of a cold, which it will very often check forthwith.

Two or three smart dinners given lately have been served with only slip cloths down each side of the table, the centre displaying the wood, of course suitably decorated. The mania for novelty may make this fashionable for a time. It certainly looks nice when the table is of handsome wood, beautifully polished. It was once—before our time—fashionable to have the "cloth drawn" for desert; wine and fruit

were then stood upon the table, and the beauty of the shining mahogany or oak could be admired. The dinner-table which I lately saw arranged without a cloth was of brown oak, brought to a high polish; the decorations were yellow flowers, jonquils and mimosa for the most part, in large silver bowls, and small lamps of silver with yellow silk shades. The long side slips of damask, on which the guests' plates stood, were bordered with yellow, like five-o'clock tea-cloths; all the glass was white and heavily diamond cut. The entire effect was excellent.

Ann Telford, the Maryport centenarian, died on March 3, aged 111 years. She was born at Torpenhow, Cumberland, in 1780, her age being fully attested by the parish register. Her maiden name was Charters, and she was married in 1809. She leaves a son and three daughters and a number of grandchildren and great-grandchildren. Her eldest son, who was born in 1810, died two years ago.

A statue has been unveiled at Edinburgh to the late Dr. William Chambers, a member of the well-known publishing firm. The fund for the erection of the statue was promoted by the Town Council in commemoration of the services rendered to the city by Dr. Chambers. The statue is of bronze, and stands upon a stone pedestal, with a granite base. The figure, which is about 10 ft. 6 in. in height, represents Dr. Chambers in his official robes as Lord Provost, and is an excellent likeness. It is erected in the middle of Chambers Street, and facing the Museum of Science and Art. The ceremony of unveiling it was performed by Lord Provost Boyd, who, together with the magistrates and other members of the Town Council, wore their official robes.

The series of Lenten Oratorios given in the Royal Italian Opera House terminated on Saturday, March 7, with a performance of the "Messiah." The audience was of considerably smaller dimensions than those that had gathered to hear the "Elijah" and "Golden Legend," and some may have felt inclined to attribute the falling-off to the fact that these works enjoy an even greater measure of popularity to-day than Handel's immortal *chef d'œuvre*. Without wishing to discuss the question, we must urge, on the other hand, that the continuous downfall of rain on Saturday afternoon and evening cannot but have had an injurious effect upon the attendance of suburban oratorio lovers. Comparisons, therefore, are not altogether fair in the present case. The performance of the "Messiah," conducted by Mr. Randegger with his customary vigilance, gave, on the whole, great satisfaction. A better rendering of the choruses could hardly have been expected under the circumstances. Madame Fanny Moody and her husband, Mr. Charles Manners, respectively undertook the soprano and bass solos, and each in turn commanded gratifying success. The florid "divisions" of "Rejoice greatly" were, perhaps, less perfectly suited to Madame Moody's style than the cantabile phrases of "I know that my Redeemer liveth," but the English prima donna was heartily applauded in both airs. Madame Enriquez did entire justice to the contralto work, and Mr. Edward Lloyd, albeit at times a trifle husky, acquitted himself as regards delivery in his usual faultless fashion. That the Covent Garden oratorios have been an emphatic artistic triumph is beyond dispute; that they have put money in the pocket of the *entrepreneur* is by no means so certain. Nevertheless, Mr. Augustus Harris has reason to be satisfied with the general outcome of his experiment, which will, at any rate, have afforded him a valuable experience should he care to profit by it at some future time.

# THE HONEY OF WISDOM!!!

We gather the Honey of Wisdom from THORNS, not from FLOWERS.

## NOBILITY OF LIFE.

WHO BEST CAN SUFFER, BEST CAN DO.—Milton.

The Victorian Reign is unparalleled in the History of Great Empires for its Purity, Goodness, and Greatness!!!

## WHAT ALONE ENABLES US TO DRAW A JUST MORAL FROM THE TALE OF LIFE?

Were I asked what best dignifies the present and consecrates the past; what alone enables us to draw a just moral from the TALE of Life; what sheds the PUREST LIGHT UPON OUR REASON; what gives the firmest strength to our religion; what is best fitted to SOFTEN THE HEART of man and elevate his soul—I would answer with Lassus, it is

## EXPERIENCE.—Lord Lytton.

"J. C. ENO.

"SIR,—Will you to-day allow me to present you with this Testimonial and Poem on your justly celebrated 'FRUIT SALT'? Being the writer for several first-class London Magazines, and my occupation being a very sedentary one, I came here for a few weeks in order to see what change of air would do for me, and, at the wish of some personal friends of mine here, I have taken your 'FRUIT SALT,' and the good results accruing therefrom have been my reason for addressing you.—I am, Sir, yours truly, A LADY."

As sunshine on fair Nature's face,  
Which dearly do we love to trace;  
As welcome as the flowers in May,  
That bloom around us on our way;  
As welcome as the wild bird's song,  
Which greets us as we go along;  
As welcome as the flowers' perfume  
That scents the air in sweet, sweet June,  
Is Eno's famous Fruit Salt!

Cool and refreshing as the breeze,  
To headache it gives certain ease;  
Billousness it does assuage,  
And cures it both in Youth and Age;  
Giddiness it will arrest,  
And give both confidence and rest;  
Thirst it will at once allay,  
And what the best in every way—  
Why, Eno's famous Fruit Salt!

The Appetite it will enforce,  
And help the system in its course;  
Perhaps you've ate or drunk too much,  
It will restore like magic touch,  
Depression, with its fearful sway,  
It drives electric-like away;  
And if the Blood is found impure,  
What effects a perfect cure?  
Why, Eno's famous Fruit Salt!

Free from danger, free from harm,  
It acts like some magician's charm;  
At any time a dainty draught,  
Which will dispel disease's shaft;  
More priceless than the richest gold,  
That ever did its wealth unfold;  
And all throughout our native land  
Should always have at their command  
Eno's famous Fruit Salt!

**SUPERIOR TO ALL OTHER SALINES.**—"Dear Sir,—Having been in the habit of taking your 'FRUIT SALT' for many years, I think it only right to tell you that I consider it a most invaluable medicine, and far superior to all other saline mixtures I have ever tried. I am never without a bottle of it in the house, as I find it possesses three most desirable qualities—namely, it is pleasant to the taste, promptly efficacious, and leaves no unpleasant after-effects. I do not wish my name to appear, but apart from the publication of that you are welcome to make use of this testimonial if it is of service.—A DEVONSHIRE LADY.—Jan 25, 1889."

**THE SECRET OF SUCCESS—STERLING HONESTY OF PURPOSE.**—WITHOUT IT LIFE IS A SHAM!—"A new invention is brought before the public, and commands success. A score of abominable imitations are immediately introduced by the unscrupulous, who, in copying the original closely enough to deceive the public, and yet not so exactly as to infringe upon legal rights, exercise an ingenuity that, employed in an original channel, could not fail to secure reputation and profit."—ADAMS.

CAUTION.—Examine each Bottle, and see that the Capsule is marked ENO'S "FRUIT SALT." Without it you have been imposed upon by a worthless imitation.

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## ACCIDENTS WILL HAPPEN!

### USEFUL TO FIREMEN.

Mr. J. H. HEATHMAN, Endell-street and Wilson-street, London, W.C., Expert Fire and Hydraulic Engineer, writes:—

"Aug. 27, 1890.

"For many years past I have used your Embrocation to cure rheumatism, colds, and sprains, and always with very satisfactory results.

"I have frequently advised firemen and others to try it, and know many instances of relief through its application.

"There are many like myself who are liable to get a soaking at fire-engine trials and actual fires, and the knowledge of the value of your Embrocation will save them much pain and inconvenience if they apply the remedy with promptitude.

"An illustration: On Monday last I got wet and had to travel home by rail. On Tuesday I had rheumatism in my legs and ankles, and well rubbed my legs and feet with your Embrocation. On Wednesday (to-day) I am well again, and the cost of the cure has been eightpence, as the bottle is not empty. This, therefore, is an inexpensive remedy."

### ADVANTAGES OF PLENTY OF FRICTION.

MR. PETER GEO. WRIGHT, Heath Town, Wolverhampton, Staffordshire, writes:—

"Jan. 7, 1890.

"On Nov. 8 last year I was taken with a great pain and swelling in my left foot in the night; it was so painful I could not sleep, and in the morning I got downstairs on my hands and knees, so I had to sit in a chair all day. On the Friday about 7 o'clock my weekly paper came, the *Sheffield Telegraph*. I saw your advertisement for the Universal Embrocation, and sent 14 miles for a small bottle. I commenced to give my foot a good rubbing, and I soon found relief. I rubbed it ten times that evening, and four times in the night. Saturday morning came: I could not go to market, so I set to work again with your Embrocation, and soon found that I could walk. I gave it a good rubbing every half-hour until 5 o'clock, when I put my boots on and walked four miles, and on Tuesday I walked six miles. I have never felt it since, and I shall always keep some in the house."

### LUMBAGO.

From a Justice of the Peace.  
"About a fortnight ago a friend advised me to try your Embrocation, and its effect has been magical."

### FOOTBALL.

Forfar Athletic Football Club.  
"Given entire satisfaction to all who have used it."

**STRENGTHENS the MUSCLES.**  
From "Victorina," "The Strongest Lady in the World."  
"It not only relieves pain, but it strengthens the nerves and muscles."

### RUNNING.

A Blackheath Harrier writes:—  
"Draw attention to the benefit to be derived from using Elliman's Embrocation after cross-country running in the winter months."

**SORE THROAT FROM COLD.**  
From a Clergyman.  
"For many years I have used your Embrocation, and found it most efficacious in preventing and curing sore throat from cold."

### CRAMP.

CHAS. S. AGAR, Esq., Forres Estate, Maskellya, Ceylon, writes:—  
"The coolies suffer much from carrying heavy loads long distances, and they get cramp in the muscles, which, when well rubbed with your Embrocation, is relieved at once."

**SPRAINS AND STIFFNESS.**  
H. J. BURDEN, Esq., Peckham Harriers' Hon. Sec., writes:—  
"Used your Universal Embrocation for some time, and find it invaluable for sprains and stiffness."

### ACCIDENT.

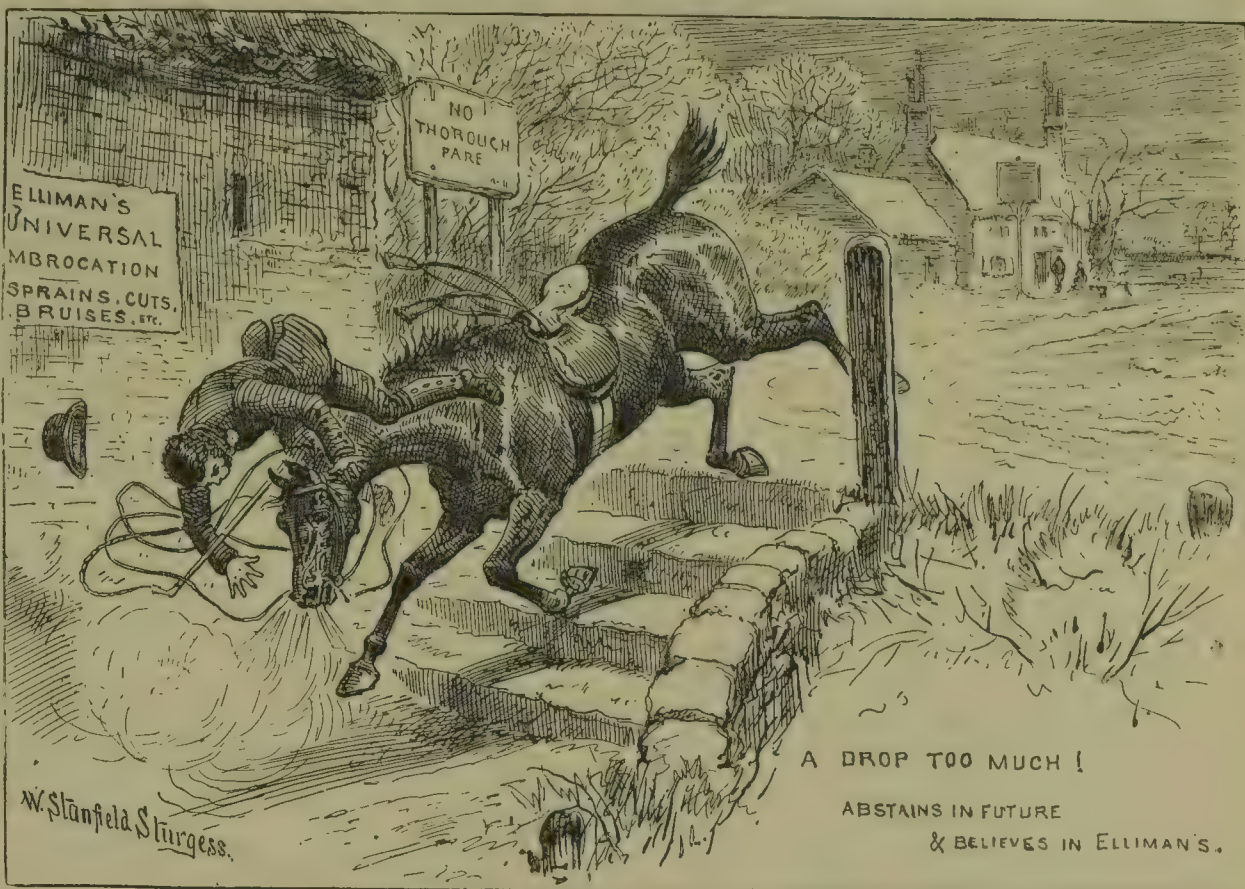
From the Jackley Wonders, Oxford Music Hall, London.  
"I was recommended by my friend 'Victorina' your Embrocation, and by using it for two days I was enabled to resume my duties."

### CYCLING.

From L. FABRELLAS, St. Sebastian, Spain.  
"I am a member of a cycling club here, and can testify to the excellent results to be obtained by using your Universal Embrocation."

### RHEUMATISM.

From A. BARTON, Esq., The Ferns, Romford.  
"I write to say that had it not been for Elliman's Embrocation I should have remained a cripple up to the present moment."



FOR ACHES AND PAINS!  
ELLIMAN'S UNIVERSAL EMBROCATION.

"AN EXCELLENT GOOD THING."  
ONE SHILLING AND THREE HALFPENCE.

"And it I will have, or I will have none." *Taming of the Shrew, Act IV. Sc. 3.*

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**ELLIMAN'S** For SPRAINS and CURBS, SPLINTS when forming, SPRUNG SINEWS, CAPPED HOCKS, OVER-REACHES, BRUISES and CUTS, BROKEN KNEES, SORE SHOULDERS, SORE THROATS, SORE BACKS, SPRAINS, CUTS, BRUISES IN DOGS, &c.

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T. WALTON KNOLLES, Master of South Union Hunt (Ireland).

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HORSES,  
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ELLIMAN'S ROYAL EMBROCATION.



## THE POOR MILLIONAIRE.

For a millionaire to extol "the advantages of poverty," seems, at first sight, a little paradoxical, but to Mr. Andrew Carnegie it is the most natural thing in the world. He writes blithely in the *Nineteenth Century* of the rich man who finds himself getting poorer. This, he says, is the average lot of the rich nowadays, while the poor are gradually growing richer. He quotes statistics to show that wealth is better distributed in this country than it used to be. But these are generalities. The particular statistics which would really interest his readers Mr. Carnegie does not give us. What is his own income? It is enormous, of course; but what is the precise amount, and to what extent does he find that his wealth is diminishing? These inquiries would be impertinent, if Mr. Carnegie did not make them inevitable. A millionaire who calmly tells us that the possessions of his class are shrinking, and that the money goes to the less favoured social orders, ought to oblige us with some unmistakable figures. He invites us to demand a statement of his private accounts. So far, Mr. Carnegie shows no disposition to satisfy the curiosity he has aroused. He contents himself with such sweeping statements as that "in a country where the millionaire exists there is little excuse for pauperism," and that "the condition of the masses is satisfactory just in proportion as a country is blessed with millionaires." One would like to have a statistical table of the blessings conferred by Mr. Carnegie. Or, if this method of investigation is too direct, let us take Jay Gould. Mr. Gould is a great railway magnate, who has made a vast fortune by speculation. He may be the most beneficent of beings, but that is not his reputation. Whenever we hear of Mr. Jay Gould, it is not in connection with any gospel of philanthropy. He is usually associated with *coups* on Wall-street, which, though they may put money into his pocket, certainly take it out of someone else's. There is such a thing in America at times as a war of millionaires, a conflict in which the victor has practically ruined the vanquished. There have been speculators of immense resources who have done their utmost to crush Jay Gould, and, as a rule, he has ended by crushing them. In what way have these struggles benefited the American people? Mr. Gould's opinion of Mr. Carnegie's delightful theory would be interesting. It would be instructive to know what the men who have amassed huge fortunes by "corners" in cotton or pork think of the suggestion that the millionaire is a priceless boon to the whole community. There are more millionaires in America than in England, and this, says Mr. Carnegie, is the reason why "the skilled artisan of America receives more than double the artisan of Britain." If so, then it is also the reason why the cost of living in America is much greater than it is in this country. The object of the McKinley Tariff was to multiply millionaires by raising prices. Prices have risen, but the wages of the skilled artisan have, in some instances, actually declined. Therefore, the man who becomes a millionaire by means of the new tariff can do so only at the expense of the community.

But Mr. Carnegie says that the aim of the millionaire ought to be "to die poor." He objects to "the hereditary transmission of wealth." Some provision for his kindred must be made, no doubt; but the bulk of his fortune ought to go in his lifetime to works of public utility. His chief object ought to be to find, not how much he can spare from his superfluous hoards, but how little he can live upon. This is Mr. Carnegie's answer to the injunction, "Lay not up treasures for yourselves upon the earth." His motto is, "Lay up as much treasure as you can, but retain as

little as possible for yourself, and give the rest away before you die." On the whole, the older homily seems to carry the greater weight. Human nature is a good deal older than Mr. Carnegie, and its experience is not in favour of the assumption that the habit of amassing wealth is, in the main, favourable to the pure spirit of disinterestedness. Mr. Carnegie begins his reform at the wrong end. "Be like me!" he cries to his brother millionaires—for, if this is not his personal example to the letter, his argument collapses—"Be like me, and surrender everything but your moderate private expenditure to the public good!" It is to be feared that the cry will have a very small echo; and, in any case, a detailed disclosure of Mr. Carnegie's income and expenses seems necessary to the propagation of his gospel.

On Easter Eve, the seventh anniversary of the death of the Duke of Albany, there will be a memorial service at St. George's, Cannes, at which the Queen, the Prince of Wales, and the Duchess of Albany are expected to be present. The Bishop-elect of Rochester will officiate.

Australasia is wrestling just now with the difficult problem of federation, as Canada wrestled with it a quarter of a century ago, and, if a Dominion of Australasia is the outcome, we may expect to see a High Commissioner for Australasia stationed in London at the head of, if not in the place of, the several Agents-General who now represent the various colonies. It is no secret that it has long been the desire of the Colonial Office to have one authoritative spokesman for all Australasia, corresponding in position with the High Commissioner for Canada, and there are those who believe that the appointment of such an official might pave the way to more intimate relations between the British Cabinet and the Colonial Governments.

The Hon. Edward Blake, whose retirement from political life in Canada has evoked sincere regret in this country as well as in the Dominion, is among the most far-sighted and justly esteemed of Transatlantic statesmen. "Blake's too honest for politics!" has long been a common saying in Canada, and his refusal to support commercial union with the United States unless openly linked with what he deemed its inevitable sequel—political union—is only another illustration of the truth of the criticism. Mr. Blake has always held that the present form of connection between England and Canada does not possess the element of permanence, and that, as the child grows into the man, so the State will come to maturity. He is still young as statesmen go—fifty-seven years of age—and he may yet be found at the head of a Free Trade administration in Canada.

As the Queen was driving up the entrance of Buckingham Palace, on March 3, a party of twelve Malays, under the charge of Mr. Wheatley, agent of a firm of colonial merchants, was standing in the street in order to obtain a view of her Majesty. The Queen gave orders to Chief Inspector Goldsworthy to take the name of the person in charge of them; and the result was that on the following morning the party were commanded to attend at the palace. On arrival they were received by Sir Henry Ponsonby, and at once had an audience with the Queen. In answer to her inquiries they said they were pilgrims on their way from Cape Town to Mecca, and that they had come to see London. The Queen, after talking to them for about ten minutes, gave orders that they were to be shown over the palace. This was done, and they afterwards left, highly gratified at the interest evinced in their welfare by her Majesty. The party, which consisted of six men, five women, and one child, has since left London for the East.

## WILLS AND BEQUESTS.

The will (dated July 4, 1889), with a codicil (dated March 4, 1890), of Archibald Henry Algernon St. Maur, thirteenth Duke of Somerset, who died on Jan. 10 at his town residence, 28, Berkeley Square, was proved on Feb. 27 by Lord Percy St. Maur and Archibald Henry Blount, the nephews, and William Melmoth Walters, the executors, the value of the personal estate amounting to over £312,000. The testator bequeaths many legacies to relatives, executors, servants, and others. He devises all the freehold, copyhold, and leasehold estates in the counties of Wilts, Somerset, and Devon, which he became entitled to under the will of his late brother, the twelfth Duke, and under a disentailing deed, subject to the uses declared by the said will, in favour of his brother, Lord Algernon Percy Banks St. Maur (now fourteenth Duke of Somerset), for life, and the remainders to his sons, Algernon St. Maur, and his sons, and Percy St. Maur, and his sons, in succession, upon trust, for settlement upon his brother, the present Duke, for life, with remainder to his second son, Lord Percy St. Maur, for life, with remainder to his first and other sons successively according to seniority in tail male. The residue of his real and personal estate is to be settled in a similar manner.

The will (dated July 7, 1888), with a codicil (dated May 23, 1890), of the Right Hon. John St. Vincent, Lord De Saumarez, who died on Jan. 8 at 41, Prince's Gate, has now been proved by Admiral Richard Ashmore Powell, C.B., Lord De Saumarez, and the Hon. Arthur Saumarez, the executors, the value of the personal estate exceeding £114,000. His Lordship leaves to his widow, besides minor bequests, and in addition to the provision made for her under her marriage settlement, £4000 and the interest on £31,000, which sum will, at her decease, revert to her children (£10,000 each to the Hon. Arthur Saumarez and the Hon. Mrs. Egerton Warburton, £5000 each to the Hon. Gerald and the Hon. Eleanor Saumarez); also the use of his leasehold house, 41, Prince's Gate, during her life. He bequeaths the said house at her Ladyship's death to his eldest son, the present peer, who inherits the entailed property, and to whom he leaves a legacy of £4000, together with heirlooms of family portraits, presentation plate, &c. Testator leaves to his son Arthur, £4000; upon trust, for his son Gerald, £20,000; to Caroline Amelia, Lady Boston, £500; to the Hon. Lady Anderson, £3000, and £1000 to each of her three younger children; to the Hon. Mrs. Egerton Warburton, £3000; to the Hon. Eleanor Saumarez, £12,000. The legacies to testator's married children are in addition to provisions made for them under their respective marriage settlements. To his nephew Alexander Herries, £1000; to Admiral R. A. Powell, C.B., £300; to his housekeeper, Mary Ann Hyland, £300 and an annuity of £60 for life; to his coachman, David Jamieson, £200; and to other servants bequests in proportion to their length of service. The residue of the personal estate is divided, in equal shares, between Lord De Saumarez and the Hon. Arthur Saumarez.

The Irish probate, granted at Belfast, of the will (dated Nov. 26, 1887), with three codicils (dated Nov. 28, 1887; Nov. 29, 1889; and Nov. 11, 1890), of the Right Hon. Thomas, Baron Derramore, late of Belvoir Park, in the county of Down, and of 12, Grosvenor Place, who died on Dec. 1, at Folkestone, to Lieut.-General Richard Bateson, the brother, and James Livingstone Dowie, the executors, has just been sealed in London, the value of the personal estate in England and Ireland amounting to over £65,000. The testator leaves certain farms, lands, and other property in the counties of Down, Londonderry, and Antrim, in default of sons, to go

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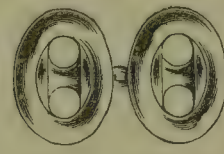
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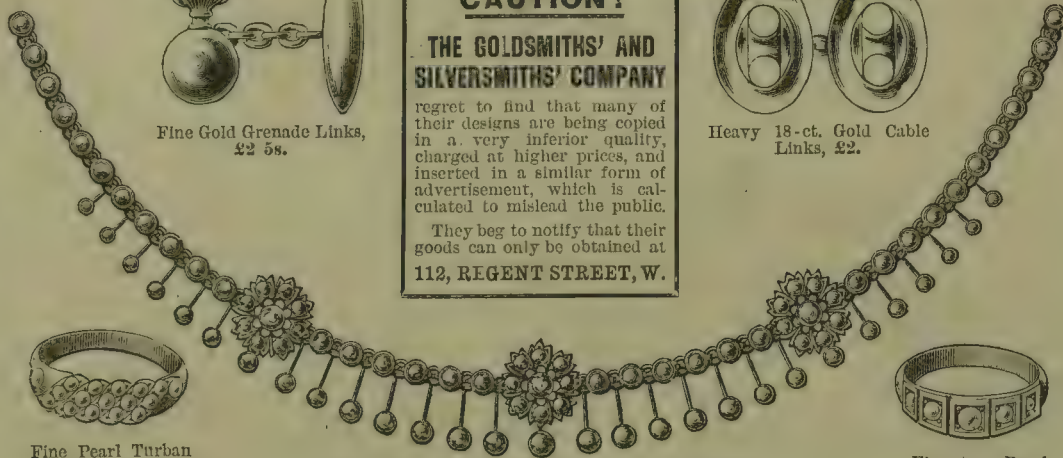
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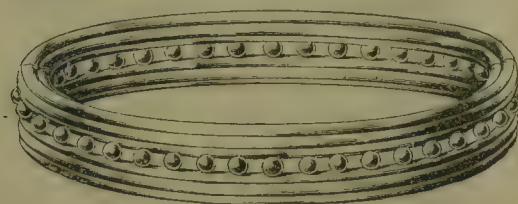
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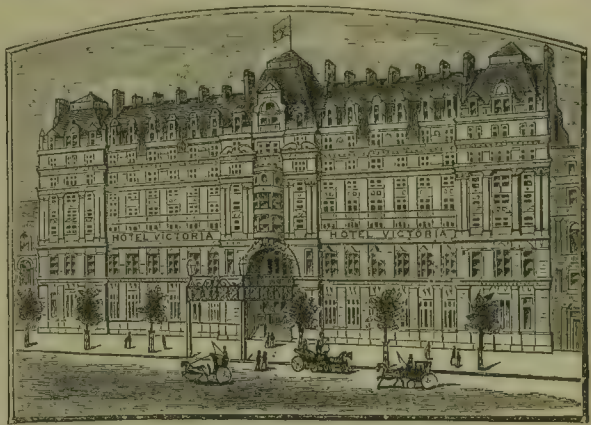
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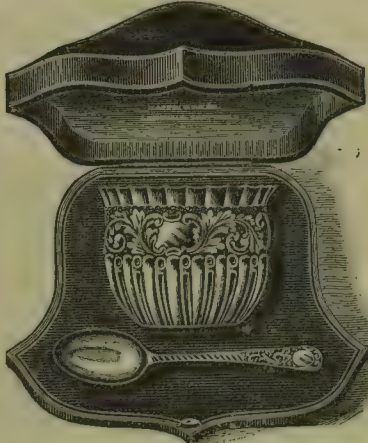


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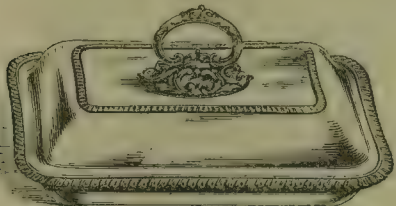
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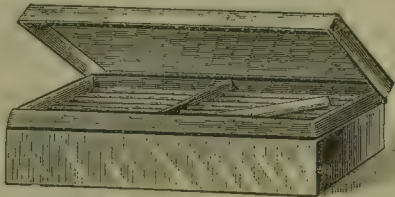
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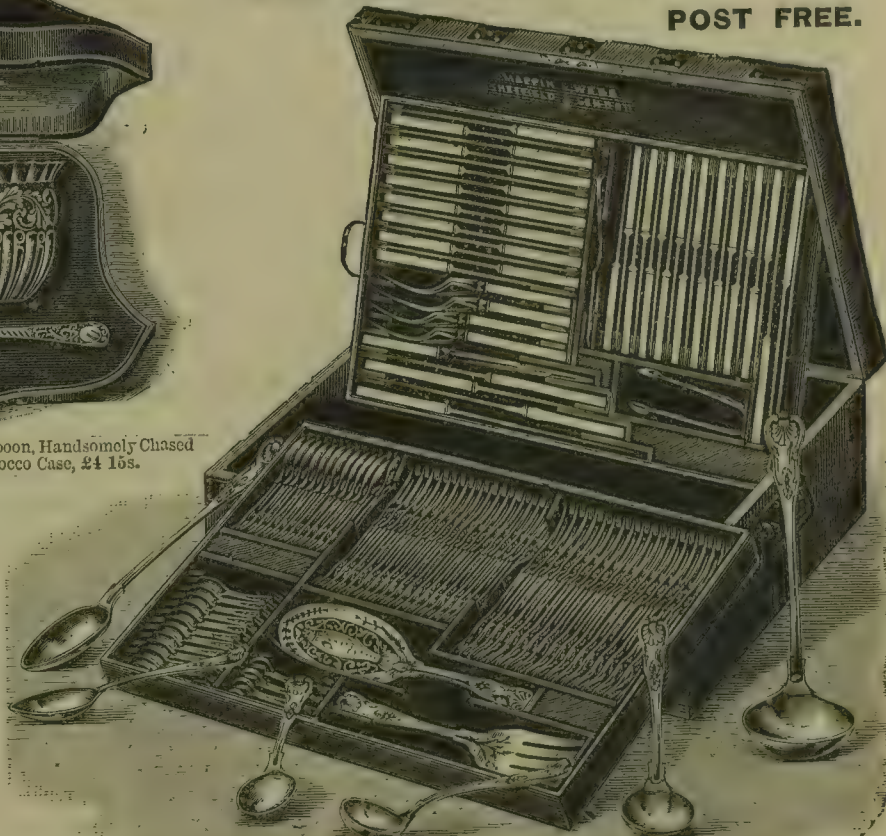
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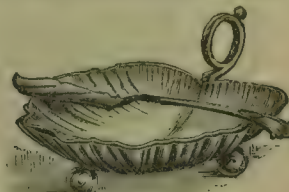
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with the Moira estate settled by the will of his father. Some plate and other articles are made heirlooms to go with the mansion house at Belvoir Park; and he gives certain farming stock and effects to the person who shall succeed, at his death, to the said estates. He charges his estates with £500 per annum in favour of each of his daughters—the Hon. Mrs. Eva Frances Caroline Ker and the Hon. Mrs. Kathleen Mary Farquhar, in addition to portions of £4000 already provided for them, and he gives to the former certain lands in the county of Limerick, and to the latter his house and property at Devizes. He also charges his estates with an annuity of £55, to be paid to the parochial sustentation fund of the Church of Ireland for the benefit of the parish of Moira. There are legacies to executors and servants, and one of £500 to his brother Richard, in addition to his legacy as executor. The testator makes some special gifts to his two daughters, and he appoints them residuary legatees.

The will of Mr. Thomas Richardson, D.L., J.P., M.P. for Hartlepool, who died on Dec. 29, at Kirklevington, Yarm, Yorkshire, was proved in London on March 4 by Thomas Richardson, William John Richardson, and the Rev. Charles Edward Richardson, the sons, the surviving executors, the value of the personal estate amounting to over £290,000.

The will (dated Nov. 14, 1889) of Mr. Osmond de Beauvoir Priaux, late of Candie, Guernsey, and of 8, Cavendish Square, who died on Jan. 15, was proved on Feb. 26 by Francis Pery Hutchesson and Osmond Priaux, the great-nephews, the surviving executors, the value of the personal estate amounting to over £53,000. The testator bequeaths one hundred shares in the Pennsylvania Railroad Company, upon trust, to pay the income to his niece, Dora Kendall, for life, then as to forty of the said shares for his great-nephew, Francis Hutchesson,

and as to sixty for his great-niece, Daphne Priaux; one hundred shares in the said company each to his nephew Percy Groves and his great-nephew Hadden Williams; an annuity of £60 to his housekeeper, Charlotte Chappelle; and legacies to servants and others. The residue of his estate he gives to his great-nephews Osmond Priaux, George Kendall Priaux, and Francis Hutchesson Priaux, in equal shares.

The will (dated Aug. 17, 1888) of Mr. Gartside Gartside-Tipping, J.P., late of Rossferry House, Belturbet, Fermanagh, Ireland, who died on Nov. 21, was proved in London on March 2 by Henry Thomas Gartside-Tipping, R.N., and Captain Cavendish Walter Gartside-Tipping, the sons, two of the executors, the value of the personal estate amounting to upwards of £48,000. The only legatees under the will are testator's seven children, Henry Thomas, Cavendish Walter, Robert Francis, Alice, Mrs. Lætitia Louisa Jane Gartside Pomeroy, Mrs. Anna Selina Gartside Stirling, and Mrs. Mildred Harriet Richardson.

The will (dated Jan. 27, 1888) of Mr. George Thomas Bennett, late of 11, St. Julian's Road, Kilburn, who died on Jan. 25, was proved on Feb. 25 by Edward Eliot Jackson, one of the executors, the value of the personal estate amounting to upwards of £43,000. The testator bequeaths £100 each to the Middlesex Hospital, University College Hospital, and the London Seamen's Hospital, Greenwich; £5000 each to his half-brothers, Thomas Cutsforth Wilson and Alfred Wilson; £2500 each to his half-sisters, Emma Langton and Louisa Wilson; and legacies to nephews, nieces, and others. As to the residue of his real and personal estate, he gives one fifth to each of his said half-brothers and sisters; and one fifth to the children of his late half-sister, Elizabeth Odling.

The will (dated Dec. 4, 1884) of the Rev. Charles Gore

Gambier Gambier, late of Francroft, Bournemouth, who died on Jan. 26, was proved on Feb. 27 by Michael Seymour Gore Gambier, the son, and Barclay Field, the executors, the value of the personal estate amounting to over £44,000. The testator bequeaths £600, and all his jewellery, plate, pictures, books, furniture, wines, household stores and effects, horses and carriages, to his wife. The residue of his real and personal estate he leaves, upon trust, for his wife, for life. At her death he gives £7500, upon trust, for the benefit of his son Robert; annuities of £200 to each of his daughters, Mabel Lucy, Mary Grace, Elizabeth Helena, and Sarah Caroline, until marriage, when £2000 is to be settled upon each of them; and the ultimate residue to his son, Michael Seymour Gore Gambier.

The will (dated July 26, 1888), with a codicil (dated Aug. 29 following), of Mrs. Martha Farndell, late of The East Pallant, Chichester, who died on Jan. 21, was proved on Feb. 21 by the Rev. William Lush and Oliver Newman Wyatt, the executors, the value of the personal estate amounting to over £27,000. The testatrix bequeaths £200 to the Society for the Relief of Necessitous Protestant Ministers, their Widows and Children; £1250, upon trust, to pay the income to her servant Ellen Bulbeck, for life, and, at her death, the capital to the Aged Pilgrims' Friend Society (Camberwell and Hornsey); and numerous legacies to relatives and others. The residue of her real and personal estate she gives to her niece, Laura Rosina Mitchell.

The will (dated March 23, 1888), with a codicil (dated July 17, 1889), of the Rev. Edward Capel Cure, Rector of St. George's, Hanover Square, and Canon of Windsor, late of 15, Grosvenor Street, and the Cloisters, Windsor Castle, who died at Cairo on Nov. 30, was proved on Feb. 26 by Cholmeley

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
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The will (dated Nov. 26, 1888), with a codicil (executed June 23, 1890), of the Rev. Henry Temple Frere, late of Burston Rectory, Diss, Norfolk, who died on Nov. 26, was proved on Feb. 25 by Bartle Henry Temple Frere, the son, and Edward Henry Temple Gordon, the executors, the value of the personal estate amounting to upwards of £20,000. The testator gives his furniture and effects, horses and carriages, £500, and two cottages at Burston, to his wife, Mrs. Sarah Maria Heath Frere. The residue of his real and personal estate he leaves, upon trust, to pay the income to his wife for life, then £3000 each to his children Aubrey Hookham, Bartle Henry, Catherine Maria, and Mildred Alice; and legacies to his unmarried daughters, and to his daughter Mrs. Abercromby and her

children. The ultimate residue is to be divided between his children Aubrey Hookham, Bartle Henry, Catherine Maria, Mildred Alice, and Mrs. Florence Mary Temple Maxwell, as his wife shall appoint.

### OBITUARY.

#### COLONEL FORTESCUE.

Colonel John Charles William Fortescue of Stephenstown, in the county of Louth, J.P. and D.L., died suddenly, at Ryde, Isle of Wight, on March 5. He was born in 1822, the eldest son of the late Mr. Matthew Fortescue of Stephenstown, by Catherine, his wife, daughter of Colonel Blair of Blair. He was educated at Woolwich, and was in the Royal Artillery, with which he served at the Alma (where he had a horse shot under him), at Inkerman, and at Balaclava. He acted as Vice-Lieutenant of the county of Louth from 1868 to 1879, and stood next in remainder after the present Lord Carlingford to the estates of the late Earl of Clermont. He married, in 1857, Geraldine, only daughter of the Rev. Frederick Pare, and granddaughter (maternally) of Charlotte, Baroness de Ros. His heir is his nephew, Captain Matthew Fortescue, of the 3rd Battalion Royal Irish Rifles.

#### MR. R. L. ANTROBUS.

Mr. Robert Lindsay Antrobus, whose lamentable death, on March 6, has caused much sorrow, was a junior partner in the banking firm of Coutts and Co. He was born Aug. 9, 1857,

the second son of the present Sir Edmund Antrobus, Bart., by Marianne Georgina, his wife, daughter of Sir George Dashwood, Bart.

We have also to record the deaths of—

Major Reed, formerly 51st King's Own Light Infantry, only son of the late General Sir Thomas Reed, G.C.B., on Feb. 17, aged fifty-three.

Miss Barbara Abercrombie, daughter of the late eminent surgeon, John Abercrombie, M.D., first Physician to the Queen for Scotland.

Ellen Reade, Lady Lambert, wife of the Right Hon. Sir John Lambert, K.C.B., and daughter of the late Mr. Henry Shorto of Salisbury, on Feb. 21, at Milford House, Clapham Common, aged eighty.

Mr. George Kynoch, M.P. for Aston Manor, Birmingham, on the Conservative interest—at one time one of the largest manufacturers of ammunition in the world—on Feb. 28, at Johannesburg, in the Transvaal, aged fifty-seven.

Mr. Richard Cane of St. Wolstans, in the county of Kildare, barrister-at-law, third son of the late Mr. Richard Cane of St. Wolstans, by Isabella, his wife, daughter of Mr. Arthur Dawson of Castle Dawson, on March 2, in his seventy-fourth year. He married, in 1854, Louisa Mary Anne, daughter of the Hon. William M. Dawson Damer, and was left a widower the next year.

## FLORILINE FOR THE TEETH AND BREATH.

Is the BEST LIQUID DENTIFRICE in the World.

Prevents the decay of the TEETH.  
Renders the Teeth PEARLY WHITE.  
Removes all traces of Tobacco smoke.  
Is perfectly harmless and delicious to the Taste.  
Is partly composed of Honey, and extracts from sweet herbs and plants.

OF ALL CHEMISTS AND PERFUMERS THROUGHOUT THE WORLD.

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FLORILINE TOOTH POWDER, only put in glass jars. Price 1s.

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Prevents the Hair from falling off.  
Restores Grey or White Hair to its ORIGINAL COLOUR.  
Being delicately perfumed, it leaves no unpleasant odour.  
Is NOT a dye, and therefore does not stain the skin, or even white linen.  
Should be in every house where a HAIR RENEWER is needed.

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for Cleansing the Teeth and Perfuming the Breath.



Tooth Elixir, 2s. 6d. per bottle.  
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Prepared by  
**A. FRIEDERICH,**  
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SOLE AGENTS:  
**R. HOVENDEN & SONS, London.**



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REGISTERED 78,918.

PERFECT FIT GUARANTEED.

Ready Made or to Measure.

For Dress or Ordinary Wear, 5/6	...	6 for 32/-
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SPECIAL for Ordinary Wear, 4/6	...	6 for 23/-

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In the New Lilac and Fancy Striped Colourings.

To Order in 4 days, 6/6 ... 6 for 38/-

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Great Billiard Invention—ADAMANT BLOCK, fitted to the "PERFECT" LOW CUSHIONS.  
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## HOP-TEA 2/- 2/6

The Hops are specially prepared for this purpose by Snelling's Patent Process.

A DELICIOUS BLEND OF INDIAN & CEYLON TEAS WITH ENGLISH HOPS.

Pronounced by the Medical Profession and the Press to be much more wholesome than any other Tea.

Soothes the Nerves, Stimulates the Appetite, Assists Digestion, & is a Boon to the Sleepless.

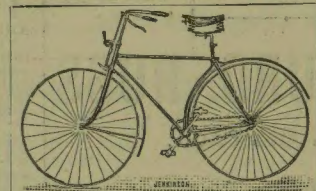
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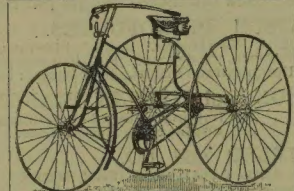
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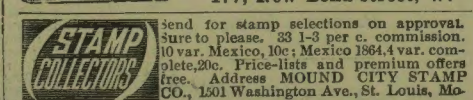


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Depend upon it, Mothers, it will give rest to yourselves and

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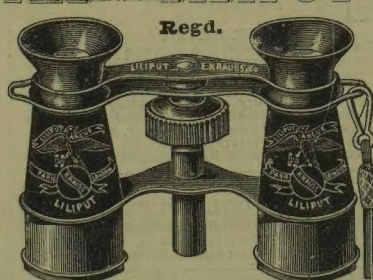
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BRIGHT METAL.

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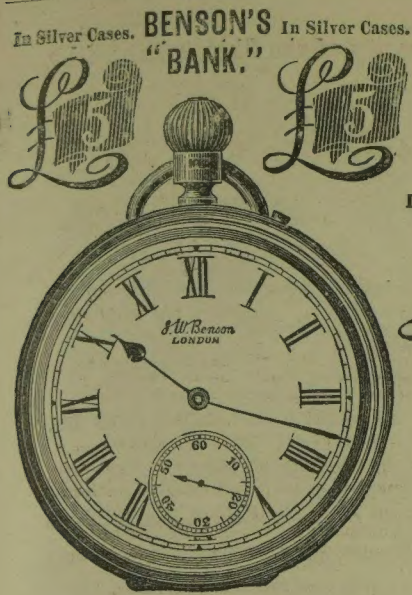
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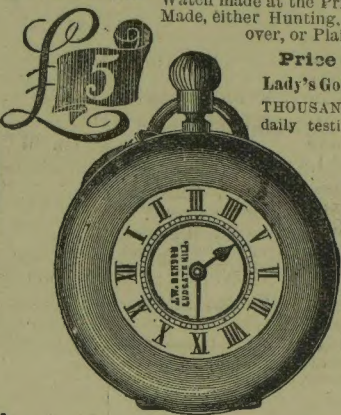


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EVER MADE AT THE PRICE.  
THREE-QUARTER PLATE MOVEMENT, Compensation Balance, Jewelled in Rubies, in Strong Sterling Silver Crystal Glass Cases, £5

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**BENSON'S LADY'S KEYLESS LEVER WATCH.**

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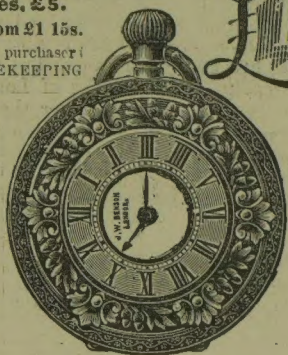


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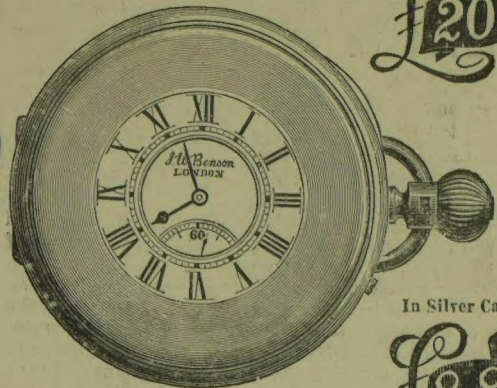
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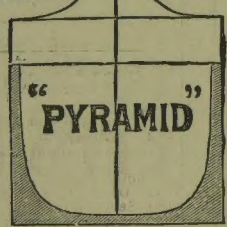
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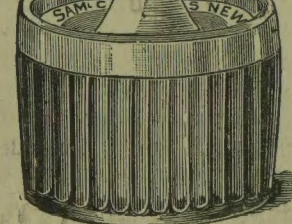
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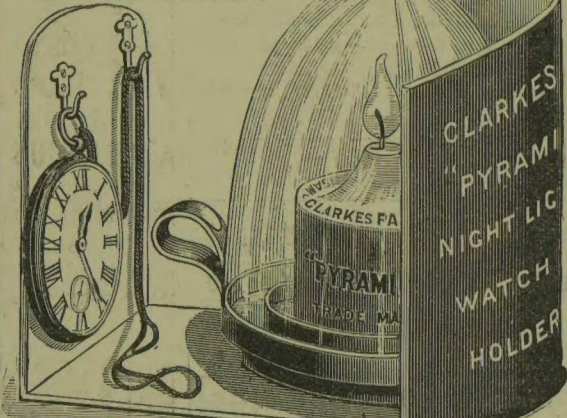
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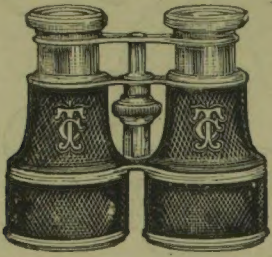
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A Toilet Powder combining every desideratum, Hygienic and Cosmetic, for beautifying and softening the skin. It will be equally welcomed by all for imparting a most natural freshness to the complexion.

Gentlemen will find it most soothing and pleasant for use after shaving.

In three tints: Blanche, for fair skins; Naturelle, for darker complexions; and Rachel, for use by artificial light.

Price 1s.; by Post, free from observation, 1s. 3d.

To be had of all Hairdressers, Chemists, &c.

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